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We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The second act of the truly revolting Balkan drama is now over. Begun under the name of a crusade to liberate Christian peoples oppressed by the Turks, the Allies' campaign soon showed in its true colours—a war of self-interest like any war, but carried on by methods of barbarism unknown in civilised countries. The Powers had solemnly declared that no territorial change would be tolerated. This declaration, as soon as it appeared that not the Allies but Turkey stood to lose territory, the Powers thought it convenient to forget. By the Treaty of London the Balkan States found themselves more than doubled in size by the land booty they had taken from the Turks. But what they had engorged they were unable to digest, and grave disorder followed immediately. Bulgarians fought their Allies, and Servians Greeks and Roumanians combined against Bulgaria with a ferocity exceeding the hate of the war with Turkey.

This war amongst the chivalrous Christian liberators has now formally ended. Notice was given to the Bulgarians that if they did not accept the boundaries offered by their enemies, the Roumanian army, which having done no fighting of any sort is now full of fight, would occupy Sofia on Saturday. The Bulgarians had to submit and Kavala goes to Greece. This so-called peace may prevent further fighting between the Christian Allies. If it does—and it is perhaps an optimistic view—it is the only thing final in the situation. This peace is not a settlement at all. The Powers, some of whom—Russia, Austria-Hungary, Great Britain—have claimed the right of revision, will certainly review the whole arrangement. It is pretty certain the Greeks

will have to disgorge Kavala. The big difficulties of the Balkan tangle stand. The Ambassadors' Conference sits and sits but unravels very few skeins.

The Turks remain in Adrianople. "Here we are, here we stay", seems to be their motto. The Powers have simultaneously made a categorical demand on the Porte to withdraw; but what if they refuse? The Bulgarians cannot drive them out, and which of the Great Powers would? The Turk has not quite forgotten his experience of the Concert of Europe. When that is to the fore he knows he has a chance. Already there is a hint from the Powers of a modification of the frontier to Turkey's advantage—to strengthen Turkish defence, it is called—if they will leave Adrianople. Just what was to be expected. The Turks went to Adrianople to be bribed to go out. It was a very good move on their part. All the solemn scolding and warning of the European Press was nonsense; and the Turks treated it as such.

The Government has had the strength, equally to our surprise and satisfaction, to refuse to support officially the Panama Exhibition. The ground put forward is that this country has not enough concern in the exhibition to justify the expenditure, which would fall on the whole people. And this is true. Also, it would be incongruous in our Government to be officially taking part in a show run by a country that we are diplomatically charging with the violation of a treaty with ourselves. Especially when that show is being held in celebration of the very matter which is the subject of dispute. But rightly the Government makes no objection to private parties here taking any part in the exhibition they may wish. To stop them might reasonably be called "petty revenge".

At the risk of a bad joke, we must pronounce the Channel tunnel a great bore. Why cannot its promoters take a "No" and be still? They have been given a fair hearing and been rejected time after time. They have been rejected on the highest national grounds, and it is a little too much that the country should be worried by the importunity of a few people

intent on pushing their private profit. The South-Eastern and Chatham Railway is, of course, the real promoter of the scheme. If this railway would give its attention to making its present service better instead of pursuing chimæras, we should all gain. We were glad to find Mr. Asquith citing against the tunnel "the great authority—and there has been no greater authority in our time in military matters—of Lord Wolseley". Airships or no airships, that is enough for us. The whole question is to be reviewed by the Committee of Imperial Defence.

"The possibility of such an enemy has faded away through the excellent and cordial relations which, ever since the agreement of 1904, nearly ten years, we have maintained between the two countries, ourselves and our friends on the other side of the Channel." Were ever words more childish? Hostilities between two countries impossible, because they have been friendly for "nearly ten years"! This is not the language of a statesman. No friendship and no enmity is impossible between nations. The statesman does not use the word. Mr. Asquith meant well, but the French will hardly be complimented. They are not slow-witted. It was possible to be just as pleasant without being fatuous.

France appears to be preparing to compete with Switzerland in the way of attracting tourists. Speaking at Avignon on Monday, the Minister of Public Works explained that his department was about to make special efforts, first to improve the standard of accommodation at the country inns, and second to tar six thousand miles of high-road and by-road during the next decade. M. Thierry announced that the tarring scheme would cost twenty-five million francs, and that this expenditure would be met, or partly met, by a graduated tax on motor cars. The two schemes do not pair well; if your roads are too good, motorists will not stop at country inns; if the inns are too comfortable, tourists will not leave them. Our own Road Board may yet come into collision with our Public House Reform Associations.

The Krupp trial ended in the conviction of the German officers and Government employes who supplied Brandt, the agent of Krupps, with secret information. The result is the imprisonment for various terms of several months, with dismissal from the service, and the consequent ruin of the careers of several promising officers. It seems that the decision is accepted without question by all parties. The Socialists alone are disappointed because they have failed to unearth any really first-class scandal. It has not proved either a Dreyfus or a Panama, nor even a Marconi affair. However grievously German officers have transgressed by supplying secret information which would enable Krupps to monopolise Government orders, it hardly amounts to what can be called treason. The cleverness of Brandt seems to have beguiled the young officers into acting as if Krupp and the German Empire were the same thing. Further civil proceedings are pending against Krupps.

Three questions of first-rate importance arise out of the Lords' debate on the Navy. What will be our relative strength in 1915-16? According to the calculations of Lord Selborne we shall have, not the 60 per cent. Dreadnought margin which the Government have promised, but 50 per cent. Lord Ashby S. Ledgers and the Lord Chancellor contend that we shall have a 50 per cent. advantage in home waters with 10 per cent. over for Mediterranean and Imperial purposes. Mr. Churchill's estimates have been upset, of course, by the action of the Canadian Senate, but unless he includes in his Dreadnought list ships of the "Lord Nelson" type, it is difficult to see how he is going to get more than thirty-nine vessels to oppose to Germany's twenty-six. Apparently he never intended to secure his 60 per cent. apart from the Colonial

Dreadnoughts, though he undertook to do so, and if his policy is as "unswerving" as he promised it should be, then we shall find ourselves seriously handicapped in 1915-16.

Assuming that Lord Selborne's figures correctly foreshadow the construction of the next two or three years, we shall either have to deplete our home strength or be represented in the Mediterranean—and this is the second question opened up—by a ridiculously inadequate force. The Government comfort themselves with the idea that they will be able to depend on the French Navy. Is that the sort of thing contemplated by Mr. Churchill when he talked in glowing terms of an Imperial Squadron based on Gibraltar and prepared for all emergencies? Whatever our relations with France—and they may or may not be as cordial in 1915-16 as they are to-day—it is a novel development in British naval ideas that we should trust to her to see us through a Mediterranean crisis. Lord Selborne is not alone in saying that he would never consent to our being dependent on France in the Mediterranean.

Lastly, there is the oil-fuel problem. Mr. Churchill's speech was revolutionary. The view is pretty strongly held that he has acted precipitately, and assumed a grave responsibility without adequate study. Last year, Lord Selborne says, he laid down five capital ships designed only to burn oil. Now he tacitly acknowledges the mistake by going back to a type of ship which can burn both coal and oil. The question of oil fuel for the Navy is not a new one. Ten years ago, when Lord Selborne was at the Admiralty, a strong committee was appointed to go into it, but when the present Government came in they shelved the inquiry. It remained for Mr. Churchill to take the matter up in an extreme form which might prove as disastrous as neglect. What would become of those five ships if in war time the oil supply failed? Lord Haldane looks to Scottish shale—something very different from the Mexican Eagle supplies on which Mr. Churchill, with all the oil resources of the Empire at command, would rely.

Mr. Montagu's Indian Budget statement was a varied string of optimistic forecasts. Surpluses are to continue notwithstanding the disappearance of the revenue from opium; railways, education, sanitation and administrative changes are to give increasing prosperity and happiness; crime evokes only the abhorrence of the native races; the Civil Service is to be freed from some of the carping criticism of irresponsibility at home; devolution and co-operation are to make for better relations between native and Briton. He showed a certain sympathy with the harassed Civil Service, but carefully avoided the awkward question of the Sitapur case. Mr. Bonar Law and Lord Ronaldshay commented sharply on Lord Crewe's statement that Sir John Hewett committed an error of judgment. Mr. Montagu's disclaimer of any intention to censure the Lieutenant-Governor sharply reflects on his chief.

Quarrels and riots about temples and mosques have always been a recurring trouble to the Indian official. Usually it is a party fight between Hindu and Musalman. The outbreak at Cawnpur is more serious because it is aimed against the authorities. At present Mohammedan feeling is much excited by the overthrow of the Turks in Europe and the failure of the Great Powers to uphold them. It has even been urged by some of the Indian spokesmen that England should support the Turks by force of arms, and would forfeit the allegiance of her Mohammedan subjects if she did not.

The alleged desecration—for which there seems to be no real ground—has probably been seized as a pretext for a demonstration by wirepullers from some Mohammedan centre. Cawnpur is primarily a Hindu city. But it is within striking distance of Lucknow,

with all its recent memories of Mohammedan sovereignty. Trifles can assume a serious, if factitious, importance in such circumstances. The riot has been put down. But the ripples seem to be spreading far.

General Botha, regarding the industrial crisis as at an end, promises immediate measures for the establishment of a permanent peace. He will hardly find this an easy job. The miners and the railway-men surrendered at discretion last week, but the agitation for better conditions of employment once begun is not to be abandoned. The legislation promised by the Government does not satisfy the workers, and at a great demonstration in Johannesburg on Wednesday they reiterated the demands which have only partially been granted. They hoped to force the Government to go to the country, but General Botha has stated plainly that he does not mean to dissolve Parliament. Short of that he seems anxious to do all he can to meet the legitimate wishes of the workers.

Sir William Lyne was not as well known to Londoners as Sir Edmund Barton or Mr. Deakin. But he was one of the personalities from "down under" whom to meet was to remember. He was as irascible as he was loyal, and as disinterested when rewards were going as determined when opposition had to be broken down. He was Colonial born, but British to the core. His was one of the outstanding figures at the birth of the Commonwealth; no man had stouter confidence in his own ability to do whatever came his way; yet when the first Federal Premiership was offered to him he refused to accept it until Barton had been invited to form a Government. Not diffidence but a sense of justice prompted him to make the sacrifice.

Sir Edward Carson will be greatly relieved no doubt to learn, on the authority of Mr. Birrell, that the Government have not made any arrangements for his arrest. The Ulster tour has been a great success, and by hammering in his points Sir Edward has made the outlook more and more anxious for a Government who would rather not take the Ulster Covenant seriously. Mr. Robert McNeill wanted to know whether before any action is taken Mr. Birrell would consult the Marconi General?

Lord Haldane on Wednesday introduced in the House of Lords his two Land Bills for simplifying and cheapening land transfer. Lord S. Aldwyn, who served for two years as Chairman of the Royal Commission, agrees with Lord Haldane that the Bills are needed. But why, he asked, does he not get his colleague, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, to help instead of hindering him getting cheap land? By the 1909 Budget the stamp duties were increased and the valuation charges for increment duty have cost sellers of land more than ten times as much as the duty produced last year. Let Lord Haldane, pleaded Lord S. Aldwyn, persuade Mr. Lloyd George not to hinder but help to cheapen land transfer.

All the recent Lord Chancellors in reforming conveyancing have been stopped by the lawyers in the House of Commons. Lord S. Aldwyn recalled how Mr. Lloyd George got into trouble by confessing that not the House of Lords but his own profession blocked the way. This means the solicitors who are mostly interested. Lord Haldane is supposed to have got over them somehow in his Bill. How is not very clear, as they are dead against the Compulsory Land Registry in London, and would have it abolished everywhere altogether. They have been furious with every Lord Chancellor, Halsbury or Loreburn, who has defended it; and yet the Government Bill retains it and assumes that the Land Registry is to be a permanent feature. The Lords will receive the Bills with good will next Session.

What is the information on which Mr. Keir Hardie and Messrs. Dickinson, Wedgwood and Buxton, all Ministerialists, are acting as to the case of the woman Gerald? Mr. Keir Hardie asserts that the names in letters found in the flat included those of several Cabinet Ministers, which Mr. McKenna absolutely denies. His only explanation why the charge of procuration was not made is that the police lawyers advised that such a charge could not have been sustained on the letters, and was therefore not brought. How is Mr. Keir Hardie going to show that this is a pretext on the part of the Crown lawyers for deliberate suppression of the more serious charge? Mr. McKenna is right in maintaining that if there is no evidence for a charge, names ought not to be published. But one name was published in Court without the man being prosecuted. Has this man made public the names in the letters out of revenge?

The Bishop of Hereford has been lecturing Lord Robert Cecil on his manners and his language. Lord Robert does not seem to be very much abashed. He thinks that to take Church property and divert it to secular purposes, as is done by the Welsh Bill, is morally theft, and he says so plainly. The Bishop would no doubt prefer the thief's description of his theft: "applying another man's property to a better use than its owner was able to do". There is this difference between Lord Robert Cecil and the Bishop of Hereford: Lord Robert saves his hard words for the enemies of his Church, the Bishop for its friends.

Go-as-you-please voting in Committee on the maternity benefit under the Insurance Act has made the wife's receipt to be in future a good discharge, and the husband's, if the wife authorises him to receive it. The Labour party supported this against the Government's new clause proposing that the money should belong to the mother of the child. The difficulties of administering the Act under the separate Commissions for each country has caused much trouble and expense to the Friendly Societies. The alterations to meet them, proposed by the Government, undermine the principle of the separate Commissions, but the Government persists in maintaining them. Mr. Lloyd George resisted Mr. Worthington Evans' amendment constituting a joint committee. This was the provision of the original Bill, but the Irish members demanded and got a separate Commission. The Scottish alteration suggests that Home Rule has broken down there.

This is really a London Medical Week. In the International Congress of Medicine some seven thousand medical men from all parts of the world have assembled to discuss pretty well all medicine and surgery. Prince Arthur of Connaught opened the Congress on Wednesday, and Sir Edward Grey spoke for the Government. In 1881, when the Congress met in England, there was no welcome by the Government, though Pasteur and Virchow and Lister, the three greatest names of modern medical science, were amongst its members. Lord Morley, at a preliminary dinner given to some of the more distinguished visitors, took the changed situation between the State and the medical profession as a text for a philosophic discourse on the power wielded by medical science in the modern State.

A kin though separate medical gathering has been the annual Conference of the National Association for the Prevention of Consumption. No medical question brings the State and the medical profession into co-operation so close as that of the prevention and cure of tuberculosis. Mr. Asquith's résumé of the history of tuberculosis on the figures of 1871 as compared with the present leads to the inference that, taking increase of population into account, precautionary measures against tuberculosis are now saving fifty thousand lives annually. But the decline only began very recently. The education of the public in the subject of tuberculosis largely accounts for the improvement.

There are few now who are unfamiliar with the name, or who could forget it as did the Duke of Cambridge when he opened the Congress so lately as 1901.

On Tuesday Mr. Burns opened the Conference on Infant Mortality. Official representatives of twenty-three different Governments assembled, with many other delegates from societies—home and foreign. The figures, showing decrease in infant mortality, are curiously like those of Mr. Asquith for tuberculosis. Since the Conference first met, seven years ago, he said, the saving on infantile mortality amounted to fifty thousand annually, "nearly the total emigration from the Motherland to Australia".

The figures show striking discrepancies: 71 per thousand in Hampstead, 171 per thousand in Burnley, 83 in Battersea. Mr. Burns accounts for the difference between Burnley and Battersea by women's outdoor labour; but Battersea fifteen years ago lost 176 per thousand, and the improvement in Battersea must be due to other causes than a change in women's labour. Whatever effect women's outdoor work has it cannot account for such varieties of mortality rate as 40 per thousand for doctors' children compared with the rate of 77 for the upper and middle classes in general. This is a striking demonstration of the value of knowledge. The old adage that the shoemaker's wife is the worst shod does not hold here.

Colonel Cody first became a favourite of the public by appearing as a Texas cowboy and rifle-shot on the music-hall stage; but being by nature gifted with invention and daring, he was one of the first to take up the science of aeronautics. Everyone knew his name and his feats; all competing airmen had a personal liking for him. He is now numbered with the pioneer-martyrs of the modern struggle between science and the air as a means of travel; but neither his triumphs nor his personality will be forgotten.

There are quite enough statues and memorials in our metropolis already, to be silently neglected by Londoners and discovered by the curious visitor; but the national Scott Memorial must have a worthy site. In the House of Lords on Tuesday Lord Curzon announced that the Mansion House Committee propose, besides a tablet in St. Paul's, "a more imposing structure in some public place in London", and the suggested site is in Hyde Park, not far from the Albert Memorial, and opposite the house, lately Lowther Lodge, now occupied by the Royal Geographical Society. There is much to be said for this position; it is appropriate, and although the public does not like its open spaces to be encroached upon it would give up a good deal to this memorial.

Mr. Arthur Benson girds at the authorities of Winchester College for their project of window restoration in the chapel with a vigour that must have surprised his "golden quill". Could he not do a whole book in this vein? The restorer is so mischievous with his good intentions that our sympathy is all with Mr. Benson. The attempt of one age to recreate that which belongs to another age must fail. It is mere antiquarianism and therefore dead. Winchester had better stick to its 1821 windows, good or bad. Mr. Leveson-Gower's story of the oak carving spurned by the school authorities in the 'seventies is almost incredible.

Mr. Benson deploras "the ruthlessness of a generation towards the artistic efforts of the preceding generation" (we trust the phrase will never be used in evidence against him). He considers it useless to protest, but he would save what he can from the wreck and so has offered to purchase as much of the glass as he can afford. Let us hope this may make another "college window" some day, for the author to look through. Meanwhile the Winchester authorities are warned against the probable calumny of the next generation.

THE CHANNEL TUNNEL NUISANCE.

MR. ASQUITH was tender to the Channel Tunnel deputation. Not that he showed any leaning to their project—rather the other way—but he might very well have curtly dismissed these irritating people with the reminder that their case was a "chose jugée", a settled account which was not to be reopened. If ever a case was thoroughly gone into and found wanting, it is the case for a tunnel between this country and France. It has been examined by experts of all sorts, and the result of their inquiries and reports has convinced every Government—whether of one colour or another—since the idea was unhappily born that it must not be allowed. From Lord Salisbury to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman it has been the same. British interests have been seen to be incompatible with the making of this tunnel. One would really have thought that the project having early been nipped in the bud, its ghost would by now have the decency to be still. It has taken nothing by haunting us. At every reappearance it has only met with a fresh snub, retiring more discredited than it came out. Being a ghost it cannot die, or it would have been forgotten long ago. Now it is here again after an unusually long retirement, encouraged apparently by the success of the aeroplane and the airship to make another attempt to get itself accepted as something solid.

It is just as well to realise at the outset what is the nature and the effective impulse of this project. All the talk about drawing together the French and English peoples, promoting good relations, cementing the entente, and such stuff may be put on one side. It is nothing. Neither desire for peace nor any thought of international friendship had any place in the mind of the real promoters; it is not one, even a little one, among the impelling forces behind the scheme. It is mere dressing, put on partly to hide the far less attractive truth, partly to catch the eye of the unwary sentimentalist. Just as it is often good business to make a commercial move look like patriotic fervour, it was clever to give to a project, which necessarily could not appeal to the patriotic sort, the appearance of cosmopolitan altruism and so to catch the jingo's opposite, the anti-imperialist, the peace-at-any-price man. But the public does not forget, and we hope never will forget, that the Channel tunnel was the idea of a railway-king, Sir Edward Watkin. It is a railway-scheme, a business project of the railways in England and France who expect to gain by the making of the tunnel. It is a commercial venture—nothing more nor less. No doubt the railway companies which favour the tunnel are persuaded that its building will be to the advantage of their country just as those which are against it, such as the Brighton line here, are persuaded the other way. They are all patriots as well as business men. But it is not enough for the country to be shown that these trading companies will gain by the tunnel. It is true that anything that will stimulate commerce has a right to serious and fair consideration by the public, for the public is pretty sure to share in the gain. But when there is, to put it at its very lowest, some doubt whether against this commercial advantage there must not be set off possible injury to the country in other at least as important ways, the public ought to require convincing evidence that the commercial gain is not only certain but will be very large indeed. The country is not going to take even a small risk for nothing or for little.

Will the commercial gain be great? So far as passengers go, the tunnel scheme is not worth a thought from a national point of view. Sea-sickness is horrible, a burden to the flesh, but very few even of the worst sailors will be put off going to France by the hour or hour and a quarter on the sea. Nor is the saving in time of real importance. To how many does half an hour saved in going to Paris make a serious difference? To the South Eastern Railway of course the passenger question may have significance. It would

secure for them all passengers that wish to avoid the sea; though it is probable that now nearly all who dislike the crossing go by their route as the shortest sea journey. But in any case the excitement and novelty of going by the Channel tunnel would be so great that the South Eastern could hardly help reaping an immense harvest. They would acquire such prestige that theirs would be regarded as practically the only route to Paris. The South Eastern enthusiasm for the scheme as a passenger route is natural enough; but the gain would be theirs, not the public's. The case of goods is very different. The avoidance of loading and unloading at both ports is of enormous commercial importance in the saving not only of labour and time but of the risk of damage. We cannot question that in the carriage of goods the commercial gain to the public from a railway service through a Channel tunnel would be great. Is it then simply a calculation whether the commercial gain counterbalances the possible strategic risk and injury to national character resulting from a tunnel? Not quite; for the tunnel is not the only alternative to the present system which would dispense with loading and unloading at the port. There is the Channel ferry, which also has a strong backing. If it can be worked at all, and such a service has already been worked successfully in many places, it is certain that it would have the same advantages as the tunnel scheme in respect of loading and unloading, while it would have the immense, to our mind deciding, advantage over the tunnel that it would not be open to any strategic or national objection. It would be inferior to the tunnel service in speed and to a certain extent in capacity; but that weighs light in our mind, and we believe with the public, in comparison with the other advantage. If the strategic and national objections to the tunnel still hold, even in part, the ferry idea should have preference over the tunnel, and we believe that will be the view of the country, when it is adequately informed on the question.

What has happened, or has anything happened, to modify the national objections to the tunnel? Nothing certainly, to meet the objection that to cease to be an island would profoundly and injuriously modify the national character. If that was ever true, it is as true now as ever, and will remain true, any advance in air-traffic notwithstanding. That there is something in this sentiment we cannot doubt. It is old, it is deep-seated; it is seen at all the greatest periods of our history. Shakespeare, who interprets the English character as well as any, felt it. It is true the island has grown into an Empire which is certainly not insular, though its metropolis and many other of its constituents are islands. But it is none the less possible that the effect of this country being an island reacts on British subjects in dominions that are continental. Anyway, it is not a sentiment to part with lightly.

The strategic objection, which has dominated all others and hitherto suppressed the scheme, possibly is modified by the advent and probable advance of airships and aeroplanes. French soldiers will in any event now be able to get to England otherwise than by sea. So the argument is that if they can come by air, it will make no difference whether they can come by land or not. We do not see it. However easily they can come by air, it must be an advantage to them to be able to come by land too, assuming we remain stronger than they by sea. Rapidity in a raid or invasion is everything, and to have the double route by land and air might make all the difference. But it must be many years before airships will serve as transports on any considerable, perhaps any serious, scale. Till they do, we are absolutely safe against a French raid so long as there is no Channel tunnel. We are not safe, if there is one. We know the difficulties of a surprise through the tunnel, the ease with which it can be blown up, and so on. Everybody knows that in attempting a raid France would be taking an off-chance. But why should we risk that off-chance? War will be a very sudden affair in these days, and the off-chance might succeed. Let the enemy get command of our end of the tunnel

for but a very short time, and he could pour in quite a respectable force. It is madness to ignore the improbabilities of war. If we are safe only against probabilities, we are not safe. Absolute safety is seldom possible, but when it is possible against a certain contingency, to throw away that safety because the contingency is improbable would be worse than national folly. It would be as foolish as to put our trust in the improbability of France and this country ever being opposed. We shall keep friends best by not trading too much on each other's friendship. International relations are often beyond the control of good will; they are the subject of force majeure.

THE STATE AND MEDICINE.

WE are near the dead season in politics pure, and as most people are intensely bored with stale political controversies the time is propitious for Medical Congresses and other assemblies dealing with the politics concerned with the public health. Mr. Asquith, Lord Morley, Mr. Burns, and Sir Edward Grey are more usefully employed for the present at least in attending the International and other Medical Congresses than in making superfluous speeches in Parliament at the tail end of the session. Politicians are public men: they study the popular arts; and so can appeal to the man in the street more successfully than the most famous scientists. Our friend in the street is likely to be the most difficult element in the politico-medical measures of the future, as he has already been, and popular education will necessarily lag behind the more instructed views of statesmen and scientists. The view of disease as a matter of State, and not as a mere private concern of the individual, brings much interference with personal liberty, and many people have to pay for benefits to others which are of no advantage to themselves. The doctors for half a century have been the most revolutionary forces in the State by their disease and sanitary theories, though personally the ordinary medical profession is the most conservative of the classes. They have compelled the State to undertake more extensive functions branded as Socialism than it voluntarily ever intended. Feed children, brush their teeth, look after their eyes—what ridiculous propositions! Then the politicians reckon how many millions are thrown away on ineffective teaching, and are convinced that the extra money spent would mean much more saved. The doctors have always the whip-hand of the politicians and the ratepayer and tax-payer. For all the bitter struggle of the doctors and the Government over the Insurance Act, it is they and not the Government who are the authors of the Act. Primarily it was due to the prevalence of diseases, especially tuberculosis, that were ravaging the poorer classes because their medical service was wretched; and the maternity benefit was a special feature of it because the doctors had insisted on the alarming rate of infant mortality. The Act has failed to give the better medical service, but it will not be repealed; the doctors will prove that it is inadequate as a means to its end, and it will be altered out of present recognition. A doctor at the Tuberculosis Conference even asserted that the medical profession in general is not competent to deal with tuberculosis; a special expert branch and special institutions are necessary. It is quite plain that the liberty of the individual will be restricted in many ways to which we have not been accustomed. We may refer to another disease which is being dragged from its obscurity. In a petition recently signed by a great number of the most eminent doctors they spoke of it as being as formidable to the health of the nation as tuberculosis. Lord Morley at the dinner to the members of the International Congress spoke of the horrible dangers transmitted in the dark through generation after generation of the community, "and the further question of Government's control and responsibility in connexion with it". Mr. Burns, at the Infant Mortality Conference, hinted that if the enormous infant mortality rate in many centres of manufacture was to be reduced and brought to any-

thing like the level in places where women do not work from their homes, many more restrictions would have to be placed on working women during the maternity period. All such impulses as these come from the doctors, the politicians cannot evade them, and one of their most difficult and important functions will be to act as the intermediary between the doctors and the people who are to be convinced in their own interests of the necessity of compliance.

Much depends on the confidence and trust of the public in the rank and file of the medical profession whether this process of introducing further State control is more or less difficult. It is a curious fact that, while the authority of doctors has increased of late years amongst the educated classes, it does not seem to have increased amongst the lower classes. The doctor has himself lost faith to some extent in his power of healing the individual case. Sir Thomas Barlow spoke of the art of medicine "as striving to ameliorate, and even to cure, many of the physical ills of mankind". There is the note of self-criticism and scepticism in this, and it has been far more characteristic of the medical profession in recent years than it used to be. This scepticism has had an effect on the more ignorant public. The idea of preventive medicine which requires the co-operation and compulsory powers of the State and acts on the whole nation at once is unintelligible to them. It is quite as unintelligible as that quotation by Lord Morley from Huxley as to the importance of theoretical science. "We are so used," he said, "to thinking of medicine as something necessarily connected with curative treatment that we forget there is such a thing as a pure science of medicine, a pathology which has no necessary subservience to practical ends." Anti-vaccinationists, anti-serumists, anti-vivisectionists, and many varieties of heretics in medicine are appealing to the prejudices of the ignorant and confirming them in their belief that the doctors have lost sight of curing in the pursuit of scientific theory. They are able to raise anti-vaccination riots and nullify Acts of Parliament based upon scientific medicine and pathology. Another class of medical opponent is represented by some of those members of Parliament who obstructed the Mental Deficiency Bill. They are allied with a group of writers who have a certain kind of popularity, and together they are engaged in creating a public opinion alarmed at the alleged tyranny of the medical profession over the State and the danger to liberty of measures dictated by scientific theories.

Yet the last example, as Lord Morley says, of medical influence is this Mental Deficiency Bill now an Act. Perhaps we may also obtain from it a hint as to the method by which scientific theories may be safely translated into practical legislation. In the political and social field medical science can only claim to be authoritative when it has established truth by experimental demonstration. The Mental Deficiency Bill had to drop its clauses embodying some theories of the Eugenists. Medical science in the public view is the adviser but must not be the dictator of the State; and the State must be guided by ethics as well as by science. Doctors are under some suspicion of being materialists who, if they had their way, would treat us as if the whole object of the State was to produce the finest possible physical specimens of the human animal. Some purely scientific investigators of human disease may have fallen into this veterinary surgeon view of humanity; but it is not likely to be a widespread error of medical practitioners, who should, if any class of men do, know as we may say humanity at home in family. Moral and social considerations are taken into account by them in their practice daily; and no better guides could probably be found than they would be as to the concessions the State must make to public opinion in introducing compulsion on the demand of the pure scientists. When we think of the dense mass of ignorance that has to be instructed, the shrinking from the physical facts of life which is so notable a feature of much conventional opinion, and the pecuniary interests which may be depended on to obstruct every attempt to realise

the ideals of medical science, it is the inertia opposed to extension of State action rather than the probability of the too scientific State that strikes us. Compulsion will become easier with the spread of knowledge as to the importance of public health to the wealth and power of the State and the Empire. The sort of medical facts that will tell are those which show this relation. The education of the public must be political in this wide meaning if the improvement of the public health is to be more than the special concern of the doctors. The path of the politicians has been made smoother for "enabling science to do the great things that it might do for Government" by the great development in recent years of the imperial sense. All political parties when they talk of the Empire now start from the axiom that a great Empire can only be made and retained by a nation sound in health. It is an idea with which the people are becoming familiar, and it will help to reduce resistance to the growth of State control in these matters. This is the best way to settle theoretical controversies about Government and liberty.

SPANISH-AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

THE question of the participation of this country in the San Francisco Exhibition is only one and the least of several problems raised by the approaching completion of the Panama Canal. They are by no means created by the construction of the canal, but they are likely to become more insistent by its completion and by its falling completely under the control of the United States. It is not necessary to consider the conduct of President Taft's Government in declining to carry out the specific terms of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty. Not only all European opinion but all respectable American opinion, including leading newspapers, branded such petty huckstering ill-faith in the manner it deserved. President Wilson's record has certainly led us to hope that he might see fit to adopt a new line and create a precedent for keeping the pledged word of the United States. It is too early to say dogmatically what attitude he may assume, but it can hardly be expected that, after the warning we have had of the manner in which America intends to administer the canal, Great Britain or other European nations should show any enthusiasm at the prospect before her by taking an active part in the Exhibition. The attacks, however, of the New York Yellow Press are admitted now even by themselves to have been absurd. The reason that we are not to participate as a nation in the San Francisco show is that the game is not worth the candle; an expenditure of a quarter of a million in public money is not worth while for the exiguous results that are likely to flow from it, and this appears to be the view of Germany also. There then is an end of the matter, nor can any reasonable being believe that the goodwill of the American Government is to be obtained by ministering to the demands of the Exhibition. Any hope we may still entertain that President Wilson will put his country right with civilised opinion on the Panama question must be based on his record and the apparent line of his policy in foreign affairs.

It would certainly appear from the indications of the last few weeks that insulting patronage and aggressive interference in the affairs of Latin America are no longer the settled policy of his administration, as they were of the Taft or Roosevelt régime. The "big stick" has for the time to be laid on the shelf. It would even appear as if the idea of establishing a Protectorate over Nicaragua had been definitely abandoned. Of course, if this scheme had come to fruition the independence of any other Central American State was no longer safe directly it suited the United States to "schedule" it for absorption. It may be that, when it was critically examined the scheme seemed too dangerous and far-reaching to be undertaken with the resources at the command of a United States President. We prefer to believe that President Wilson considers that such a step would be too flagrant a violation

of all the principles he ever professed to be lightly taken for the purpose of pleasing the financial supporters of the Republican party. So, for the time at all events, we may consider the Nicaraguan enterprise as ruled out of practical politics.

The same tendency towards a more just and prudent policy than that of the Republican Administration may be seen in the manner President Wilson is dealing with the Mexican difficulty. Here the sinister influences on the other side are no doubt harder to overcome, but the President is showing more than a mere disinclination to be led into direct interference. Every effort has been made for two or three years to force the United States Government to embark on an active policy in Mexico. It is hardly necessary to inquire why this is so, but it is not difficult to guess. The struggles between the American and other Oil Trusts in Mexico are believed not to be unconnected with the recent vicissitudes of Mexican politics. A year or more ago it was freely rumoured in the United States that the Mexican Government had actually made a deal with Japan and had agreed to sell to her the most valuable harbour on their Western coast. This rumour has been recently revived. It was never perhaps very credible in itself, but was calculated to arouse American misgiving and stimulate a demand for interference in the affairs of Mexico. Up to the present time the President has had sufficient firmness to resist this pressure, and he must feel that he has behind him the support of a large body of sensible American opinion and the great mass of his own party. The way he is inclining may be inferred from the resignation of the American Ambassador, whose advice to the President to assume a more active rôle in Mexican affairs has clearly been rejected. But we cannot see that any definite step in the direction of recognising the existing régime has been taken. All that President Wilson has done is to follow the highly non-committal line of sending a gentleman, one Mr. Lind, to report and to negotiate with General Huerta in order to induce him to retire from the Presidency, and then to induce all factions to suspend operations pending the election of a new executive. This is not a very strong policy and is evidently only intended to mark time; nor does the choice of Mr. Lind seem a happy one. He knows nothing of the language of the people of the country to which he is unofficially accredited. The United States Senate threatens to take a not unreasonable objection to the sending of such "unofficial" envoys by the President as unconstitutional; and Gen. Huerta says he will not receive Mr. Lind until he produces full credentials. President Wilson's instinct is evidently right; he will avoid if he possibly can all steps which may implicate his Government in Mexican affairs, but he has not apparently enough strength of will to take the only step that will give Mexico a real chance, which is to recognise the *de facto* régime. This implies the recognition of the younger Diaz, which may also imply the condonation of the murder of Madero. But such violence marks most revolutions, and certainly all in Spanish America.

Still the general tendency of the existing régime in the United States is evidently in the opposite direction to that of Republican Presidents of recent years, and is in the direction of non-interference with the independence of the Spanish-American States. So far as this is so it should meet with the approval of our own Government, which on its side should have a much clearer policy than it has had for dealing with Spanish-American affairs. It is unnecessary to point out the enormous extent to which the interests of British citizens are bound up with the prosperity and good government of Spanish America. The policy of the United States is intensely disliked and widely suspected throughout that area. The brutal language and "big-stick" talk of President Roosevelt and his school has been intensely resented by the whole country, and naturally enough a return to this attitude on the part of the big neighbour is anticipated after any change of United States administration. It would be well if Spanish America could feel sure that she had in our

Government not only a trusted adviser but a determined friend to the extent of resisting by diplomatic or other means every attempt on the part of the United States to interfere with their independence. It is true that in the past we have done little enough to reassure Spanish-American sentiment, but the incidents surrounding the Panama Canal question have given us the opportunity of taking a new survey of our position and forming a more correct judgment than before as to our proper policy in the New World.

INDIAN STOCKTAKING.

TRUE to the end the outgoing Finance Minister of India wound up his last year of office with another thumping surplus. As an augury it is propitious, for the Budget was this year for the first time produced at the new capital. The figures present a picture of abounding prosperity and no doubt encourage the optimism which marked Mr. Montagu's statement in Parliament on Thursday. Instead of the estimated balance of under a million and a half, the past year ended seven and two-thirds millions to the good, and by a different method of statement this figure might have been eight and one-third millions or more. The excess was unkindly described in a Calcutta newspaper as the result of a huge miscalculation. This was scarcely fair to Sir F. Wilson. His balance was gained once again by the familiar device of under-estimating the revenue and over-stating the expenditure. Officially this is described as the exercise of necessary and proper caution, and in the matter of revenue it is easily justified. The estimate for expenditure would have proved reasonably close, but for certain artificial adjustments. Consistent, if extreme, caution has characterised Sir F. Wilson's whole administration. It was necessary and expedient. When he assumed office bad seasons, bad trade, and unfavourable exchange, combined with reckless remissions of taxation by his predecessors, had left the Treasury in a critical condition. The tide indeed turned on his arrival and he was spared the necessity of fresh taxation. He took the lesson to heart and shaped his policy to build up a full Treasury and an adequate Reserve. Fortune aided him by unforeseen additions to the Opium and Railway receipts, a succession of good seasons, and the beneficial exchange which follows a large increase of exports. To luck was added judgment. It stands to his credit that he withstood that supreme temptation of a Finance Minister—the remission of taxes. His concern was rather with the steady growth of expenditure which the new administrative conditions have brought about. It is too often forgotten that the recent policy to conciliate Indian opinion and to associate a certain class of the people more largely with the Government inevitably makes it more costly. These tendencies are far from exhausted. So, like a careful guardian of the public purse, Sir F. Wilson held fast to what he had. He further entrenched himself against the pressure of provincial demands and of non-official members by permanent arrangements with local governments and bought off the importunate by non-recurring doles. As the result he has left a Treasury, threatened it is true by causes not of his making, but still an overflowing one. In one respect this excessive caution has led him astray. It has retarded the active extension of the railway system on which the development and prosperity of the country depend. This retrograde policy is defended on the ground that the borrowed capital to be employed would or might yield only a very small percentage above the interest charge. This is called "a business proposition". It approaches a vast administrative question in the spirit of a book-keeper, not a statesman. Such reasoning takes no account of the incalculable advantages to the State and the people in the development of their resources and the inevitable expansion of a great source of revenue, which must be the envy of other countries. In the year just ended the Indian Railways yielded to the Treasury a net profit of five and a half millions sterling, besides about a million more appropriated for redemp-

tion of capital charges. In this ever-growing asset India has happily found a substitute for her lost opium revenue. If public funds must be withheld why not at least reopen the field to private enterprise, which has already constructed nearly all the great lines that have passed into the possession of the State? For the present it seems that India must be content to add small fractions to her 34,000 miles of rail. The United States have provided 235,000 for less than one-third of the Indian population. While opium has yielded in the past year over four and a half millions sterling, it seems for the moment the swan song of this great revenue which has helped the India Treasury through many a bad year. It expires in a blaze of unbudgeted excess—a useful million and a half above the estimates. The year now current sees its practical extinction. By some obscure process the net result is reduced to the negligible figure of £306,000. It would, however, be rash to conclude that this is the end. Whatever China may or may not do, as long as the world at large demands and requires opium and the Native States of India choose to produce it this very profitable business is not likely to be extinguished.

The debate, as usual, travelled far beyond the limits of the accounts. There was certainly no lack of material. Last year was a busy one in India. Sedition was still rife, though its manifestations were more localised. The attempt on the Viceroy's life at Delhi and the organised political crimes in Eastern Bengal are probably very closely connected, and are the outcome of administrative weakness. In train of the Coronation "boons" the reconstituted Province was placed under a Governor, appointed in the usual course of political patronage, with a Council, partly Indian. He replaced a Lieutenant-Governor of long Indian experience. Then the control of the village police was removed from the district staff and placed in the hands of local village councils. The action of the Calcutta High Court, severely condemned by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, still further weakened the authority of the District Officer. In addition to other tribulations, India has been subjected to the inquisition of two Commissions. That appointed to investigate the conditions of the public services has conducted its inquiries in India through the winter in a manner which has excited a series of unseemly and mischievous wrangles over the claims of different classes and nationalities on appointments in the various services. The one consideration of real importance was the effect of any changes on the efficiency of the administration and the peace and prosperity of the country. So far it has been kept obscurely in the background. Even now the Commission, sitting in London, seem more concerned in the interests of the schools and colleges from which candidates are drawn than in the consequences to the country they are to serve—a fact which Mr. Montagu seems dimly to recognise. The one thing that emerges clearly is that Indian service has lost its attractions and no longer commands the best men. If the Commission can devise anything to remedy this evil everything else can be forgiven. It is on the quality of her English officials that the future—as the past—of the British administration must rest. The one other thing then needful will be to leave her free from the constant and disturbing interferences from home which have seriously impeded peaceful progress.

The Finance Commission is on firmer and safer ground, and it is in the hands of qualified experts. One of its tasks must be to reconsider the financial system of the India Office. It has been consistently successful in the past—often in adverse circumstances. But the business has become more complicated in the modern conditions of currency and commerce, and appears now to require a more specialised machinery and a closer touch with the money markets of the world, in which Indian finance figures more largely than before. Hence the proposal for a State Bank has been referred to the consideration of the Royal Commission. In India, Government has controlled its financial system with distinguished success, and may well be left to deal with the problems which still confront it.

The immense and continued import of gold in recent years brings it in touch if not in conflict with interests of world-wide importance. Here the labour and support of the Commission may prove of extreme advantage.

LADY CARLISLE'S GIFT.

THE spirit in which Lady Carlisle has parted with some of the finest pictures of the Castle Howard Collection is not too common in England. She felt that she had pictures fine enough to be in the National Gallery. Apparently she invited leisured selection on the part of the Trustees in order that as far as the taste and judgment of those responsible would secure it, a wise and useful choice should be made. There was no question of advantageous terms, those "generous" terms we sometimes hear about, no mention of Lloyd George, no sighing over death duties, land taxes and other "stern necessities" such as usually accompanies profitable deals in pictures. With simple dignity, as if no feverish market existed, Lady Carlisle gladly speeds her pictures towards their "rightful home". This is a fine attitude. We are not likely to ignore the strain of present conditions upon great landowners, and of course the circumstances of the various families, whose pictures have been or will be a matter of urgent concern to the nation, vary. One family can, while another cannot, afford to make the nation a present of very valuable pictures. But it still may be that those who can do not. Anyway nothing can diminish from the dignity of Lady Carlisle's generosity. It might be said that her husband's long association with the National Gallery as a Trustee imports, if not exactly a suggestion of obligation, at least a naturalness into the situation. But experience, we would point out, refutes this view.

Lady Carlisle's Gift is curiously varied in interest. A most beautiful example (not apparently from the Castle Howard Collection), of Barnaba da Modena, that rare Italian Primitive, and a delightful "Charity" by Lucas Cranach the Elder, are undoubtedly the most precious to the National Gallery. Probably no finer work by the former could be found to-day, and Cranach, like most German painters, is inadequately represented in the Gallery. The Rubens landscape though not of the calibre of the magnificent "Autumn" nor of the "Sunset" (which were given and bequeathed in 1826 and 1838, by Sir George Beaumont and Lord Farnborough), is worthy of their company. Compared with the rest of his output Rubens' landscapes are few, and the Wallace Collection and National Gallery represent them splendidly. When our Gallery shall have acquired, if ever it can, an example of Rubens' finest portraiture, it will be able to close its account with him.

The remaining four pictures of this Gift are on a lower plane. But the del Mazo from its signature no less than from its artistic merit is important: we have heard so much about Velazquez' son-in-law and follower that it is practically valuable to get definite evidence as to his actual performance. Annibale Carracci's "The Three Maries lamenting over the dead Christ" came out of the Orleans Collection a record-maker. No picture, we believe, cost more at the sale of that wonderful Gallery in 1792-3. We have but to read Buchanan to estimate the rank formerly given to this work, which seemed to express the grandest emotions of grief and pity. "The Three Maries" became the famous picture at Castle Howard, even as "The Mill" (which fetched about a tenth part of the Carracci's price) became the incomparable thing at Bowood. To Gainsborough's large "rub in" of a full-length portrait interest attaches on technical grounds. A complete view of a painter is not possible unless one gets as it were behind the scenes and discovers not only the carpentry of his effect but also the nature of his first spontaneous impression. Lastly we find in this varied group a portrait of Descartes by Mignard presumably selected for iconographic reasons.

With this exception the Trustees' choice is justified by the intrinsic qualities or special interest of the selected pictures. From Lady Carlisle's letter, published in the "Times", it appears, as we have said, that she allowed the National Gallery authorities to pick and choose in advantageous leisured circumstances. The collective judgment and taste of this body presumably made the wisest selection; it is difficult though to imagine why Mignard's portrait was picked. But this in no way affects the large generosity of the giver. The collective taste of a board or committee, as is now generally recognised, very rarely has as good results as that of a qualified specialist. This point however brings us to the whole troubled question of National Gallery administration.

THE CITY.

THE most satisfactory feature on the Stock Exchange this week is the strength of Consols and other gilt-edged securities. This is attributable mainly to the improvement in monetary conditions. Gold operations at the Bank of England have all been on the favourable side, and there are indications that the arrangements made to meet autumn demands will prove sufficient to prevent any abnormal stringency. The signing of the Peace Treaty at Bucharest may have had some influence on the premier security. At any rate Paris appears to have been favourably impressed, and the City generally takes its cue from the Paris Bourse on matters of international policy. But any dealers who have been awaiting a "peace boom" are doomed to disappointment; in fact it is to be hoped that the City will continue to ignore the Balkans, as it has done the last few weeks; for in that way it may escape a few more shocks before an enduring settlement is reached.

Truth to tell, business is still extremely quiet on the Stock Exchange, though the tone of the markets is very strong. Nobody wants to sell; the supply of stock is consequently limited, and a little buying suffices to put prices up. In the Home Railway department Underground stocks have been bought by professionals, who do not care to be "short" when summer traffics are likely to inspire a little public support. The Home Railway recent dividends have been generally in accordance with expectations, but have created no enthusiasm. The decision of the North British directors, however, was very disappointing. The Scottish companies' year now commences 1 January instead of 1 February, and the alteration has made a reduction of about £100,000 in the available net revenue of the North British Company because of the substitution of the month of January for the holiday month of July. Moreover, the directors consider it undesirable to pay an interim dividend at the rate of less than 1 per cent. on the deferred stock; so although they might at least have repeated the distribution at the rate of $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. which was paid for the first half of 1912, the stockholders must wait another six months for their money.

In regard to the paucity of information now supplied to stockholders by a few of the Home Railway companies under the new system of accountancy, it is being argued that the directors are merely coming into line with the railway companies of the United States and other countries; but this argument overlooks the fact that most of these companies issue monthly revenue statements. All that the stockholders of English companies ask is a rough half-yearly statement, the omission whereof is a deplorable retrograde step in the matter of financial publicity.

Canadian Pacific remain a "sticky" market, and dealers in Grand Trunks have been awaiting the dividend announcement. More reassuring reports regarding the crops have strengthened the New York market, which, however, is wholly in the hands of professionals, who do not appear to be excessively confident. There is a lack of mutual respect between the leaders of Wall Street finance and the Administration at Washington which discourages free dealings in Stock Exchange securities.

The Mexican Railway's net earnings for the last half-year show an increase of \$118,200, and on this basis it was calculated that a dividend at the rate of $4\frac{1}{2}$ to $4\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. could be paid. Later calculations, however, reduced the estimate to something nearer 4 per cent., and an early improvement in prices was consequently lost. National of Mexico securities fell back on the passing of the dividend on the first preferred shares; but there has been some demand for Mexico North-Western bonds in anticipation of an official statement showing an improving position. Brazil Common stock also had a sharp rally on rumours that fresh financial interests had acquired an important holding in the company, but the recovery has not been wholly maintained.

The settlement of the Rand strike prompted bear covering, which gave the market an appearance of strength, but has not encouraged an appreciable amount of public support. The declaration of the East Rand dividend of 2s. 6d. per share may be taken as evidence of lessened anxiety. Copper shares are stronger, Paris buying having particularly benefited the Rio Tinto market.

A welcome recovery has been registered in the Rubber share market as a result of professional bear covering. The better tone seems to be based on expectation of a stronger demand for the commodity in America, where stocks are said to have run low. In Oil shares the feature has been sharp fluctuations in Premier Pipes. Market opinion still inclines to the view that the 10 per cent. dividend will be maintained for the present despite rumours to the contrary; but when any considerable number of shares is offered support is lacking. Other Oil shares have lapsed into idleness.

INSURANCE.

THE COLONIAL MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

DURING the last four years the affairs of this Colonial life office have been somewhat freely discussed in insurance circles, owing to the directors having, in 1909, decided to establish an industrial department. This step, although it is likely in the long run to benefit the members, has so far produced nothing but trouble. Advances, at interest, had to be obtained from the ordinary department, and the fact provoked criticism, indirectly leading to the discovery of a flaw in the constitution of the society which had to be rectified by means of a private Bill. This Bill was sanctioned last year, but while it was under the consideration of a Select Committee questions were raised as to the stability of the Colonial Mutual, and in November last Government inspectors were appointed to investigate the affairs of the society. Thus far three interim reports have been issued by them, but on 28 May last, when the annual meeting was held in Melbourne, the inquiry had not been completed, and its result is still more or less in abeyance.

What has happened so far is, however, of an encouraging nature. In their First Progress Report the Government officials practically certified that the assets had been correctly stated in the balance sheet dated 31 December 1911; also that they had not observed in the accounts any assets or advances which in their opinion were of a speculative nature, nor any advances or loans to directors. In their subsequent reports other questions are discussed at considerable length, but nothing really definite is stated either way, and full enlightenment will not be obtained until the final report is circulated.

In view of the inquiry which is now proceeding the current accounts of the society possess exceptional interest. They show, in the first place, that the investigation has not seriously retarded the growth of the business, and, secondly, that its effect has been prejudicial, by increasing expenditure. In its ordinary department the Colonial Mutual issued last year 13,644 policies for sums amounting to £3,227,738, whereas for the preceding period totals of 14,538 and £3,093,798

were reported. It is evident from this that the society, notwithstanding the difficulties it had to face, was able to hold its own, and its premium income notably increased—the renewal premiums from £347,797 to £386,527, and the new premiums received from £105,012 to £115,499.

In this respect the year's work was satisfactory; a visible increase occurred in the amount assured per policy, and a slight improvement was also obtained in the average rate of interest earned, as the assurance fund yielded £4 7s. 10d. per cent., against £4 7s. 8d. per cent. in 1911. On the other hand, however, the sums spent showed considerable expansion, only a part of which can be accounted for by the larger volume of business transacted. It is improbable, therefore, that the usual rate of profit could have been maintained, and this view is strengthened by the fact that the 1912 report contains no actuarial report, nor any allusion to the declaration of a bonus. All profits, as a matter of fact, appear to have been absorbed by additional mortality claims, increased expenditure, and the necessity which arose to write down the value of the properties owned. Last year a sum of £32,155 was appropriated to this purpose, and further sums will probably be required during the next few years, as the £861,000 invested in freehold and leasehold property at present yields only a little more than 4 per cent. per annum, indicating a too liberal valuation in the balance sheet.

THE SILLY SEASON.

By FILSON YOUNG.

EVERY year, when Parliament rises; when the leaves of the town trees begin to turn brown and dusty; when the blinds are down in the great town houses and the furniture swathed in holland, and the caretakers' cats sun themselves in fashionable streets; when great business houses are in that condition of somnolence known as "slack"; when the very churches are only half in commission; when clubs migrate and theatres are empty, and the great chef of the fashionable restaurants gives place to his assistant, and all the deans, comedians, officials, actor-managers, politicians, peers and chorus girls whose doings and sayings supply the world in serious moments with its staple food for thought and debate, are out of town; when the serious season of balls and dinner parties and amusements comes to an end, then the silly season begins.

And what is the silly season, whose topics occupy the newspapers from August to mid-September? A scrutiny of our great journals during this period and a comparison of their contents then with their contents, say, in May or June, does not by any means explain the title; for by any sane estimate these contents are no whit sillier in August than they are in May; are less silly, in fact. But they are less official. One of the developments of journalism in the last ten years has been certainly to increase the importance of officialism in England. In the newspaper offices every public man is catalogued as being "good for" certain subjects. There are a few privileged people, like Lord Rosebery, who are heard on every subject, and who, if they utter the simplest platitude, will hear it banging up and down the columns of the Press for a week afterwards. But as a general rule it is one man one topic; and when these topics "come up" the appropriate man is telegraphed to or interviewed for an opinion. Then there is the great officialism of Parliament which absorbs so much of the ordinary stuff of news; there are the official preachers and actors, whose doings and sayings form part of the daily official information ladled out to the public. But when all these people go away from London and cease from their official functions, the newspapers are thrown back on the ordinary affairs of life for their news. Quite human and interesting facts are recorded, and quite important questions discussed, for which no space could be afforded while news was still official. In to-day's paper, for

example, I find a most interesting account of the British Museum watch cat, and its method of ejecting dogs from the precincts of that institution—a piece of knowledge which I could probably have gained only in the silly season. Instead of long columns about charity balls and the costumes worn thereat, instead of verbatim reports of endless speeches in which insincere men speak something other than the truth at great length, one has reasonably brief reports of the natural and unofficial doings of plain people all over the world; that is, instead of accounts of dull things, one reads accounts of interesting things. There comes a sudden expansion and broadening of the mind of the newspaper which cannot but be refreshing to anyone who reads it for the purpose for which it was originally designed—that is, to give the news. If you would know how a people are really living, you will not read the accounts of their Parliaments and the movements of their Courts, but those small items of information which in the French papers are called "faits divers", and are in truth facts, various and far-gathered, which teach you not how the ten thousand, but how the twenty million are living.

But there is another feature of the silly season which is more commonly recognised, and that is the correspondence on some purely humane subject to which the newspapers open their columns at this time. In the younger days of our era it was things like the sea serpent which occupied the August correspondence. But we have got a little further than that; and the subject which now most commonly occupies us is some form or other of the great woman question; whether women are selfish or not, whether they are better-looking than they used to be, whether they make as good wives as they used to make, whether marriage is a failure, and if so why? These and kindred topics are now the common material of the silly season. Well, when all is said and done, all of them are of perennial interest, and some of them of the first importance to the human race. I do not profess to read these discussions, but an occasional glance at them seldom fails to reveal some interesting point of view, or some expression of quiet commonsense that in the absence of other things, deemed more important, has managed to get itself uttered. One can only compare London newspapers with London streets at this time of year. In many of them, ordinarily filled with chaotic movement and haunted by endless clamour, there is at this time something approaching peace and silence. You can walk in a leisurely way and hear yourself think. And in the newspapers there is also a kind of peace and silence from the more blatant and strident voices; in the absence of which certain still small voices, which have a value and importance of their own, become audible for the first time. As a rule we do not hear them, so great is the overwhelming noise; and it is worth while staying behind for a little when that has passed, if only to be reminded of the quiet diapason of existence which is always sounding for those who have ears to hear it.

THE LETTERS.

SCENE ONE.

[Journalist on the "Daily Trumpet", having glanced through the letters, 'phones to his friend on the "Daily Drum".]

"SUPPOSE it's a good thing to work these letters seriously?"

"We're going to."

"And sympathetically? Revelations laying bare the deepest secrecies of the human heart? Lofty and noble character? True womanhood?"

"I think that's the line."

"Right. Thanks. So long."

He sets to work:

"In the annals of literary autobiography there have—we say it in all sincerity and with unfeigned conviction—rarely been passages so poignantly revealing of the dignity and true pathos of the human spirit as those

we find in these letters, so lately and so startlingly given to the world. That phrase 'I would give anything to see you and feel that I shall do soon' lays bare the very heart of life, and in its purity pierces home with a thrill to every reader's consciousness. Those who worshipped the writer of these letters before—and who did not?—will now justly set her on a still higher pinnacle. . . . The table mentioned in the third letter is undoubtedly that of plain deal, unhappily lost, on which the author wrote the majority of her immortal works. . . . If ever there was the shadow of a stain that shadow has been triumphantly removed, and the noble innocence of the 'greatly suffering' woman is now for ever established. The world is the richer by these documents and for the cherishing in undying memory of one whom we delight to honour."

SCENE TWO.

[Sir Septimus-Cobbleham is in his suburban garden with his wife when he is made aware of the revelations. Sir S. C. was knighted after his last treatise on the author in question, a work extracting all references in the author's novels to animals, vegetables, and minerals, and tabulating them with exhaustive comments. Sir Septimus has compiled twenty-one works, of five thousand printed pages and fifteen hundred thousand words, on the authoress of the letters, and on matters connected with her. He is, therefore, the recognised authority on the subject and is bound to write a letter to the "Times", if only one of a few words, on this startling discovery.]

Putting down his cigar, he says to his wife, "Must be done. Great nuisance having to keep up one's position, but of course the opportunity can't be missed". Wife gives him his fountain pen, and he writes:

"These letters justify the conclusion I came to four years ago, after considerable research and consultation with my friend Peter Pettigrew, Esq. D.Litt., that the comma inserted after the word "poodle" in the second edition of the celebrated 'Diary of My Imaginary Life' should be omitted. If for this reason alone, the publication of these letters is of priceless value to all workers in the field of literature, and those of us who before set their author high above the remainder of the world now see that she was high as the heavens themselves, in character as in genius. The pity only is that publication has been so long delayed; it is amazing that the original recipient of these missives should have indifferently tied them up in pink ribbon, flung them nonchalantly into a drawer, and kept them carelessly, if not contemptuously, for fifty years. They even bear the marks of commonplace comments on the margin; such treatment is hard indeed to understand."

SCENE THREE.

[Editor of "Sporting Dogs"; A Plain Man; The Shade of the Author.]

Editor of "Sporting Dogs": Thank heaven she's not in our line. Needn't mug her up. Might put in a par somewhere about literary lady leaving court without a stain on character. Just to show we're on the nail.

Plain Man (after dutifully reading the letters and all the learned comments thereon): Well, I always liked her stories. Now I learn there was a scandal about her and that the scandal was groundless. How much further on does that get me?

Shade of the Author: I wonder how many men and women are to-day writing letters like these of mine and if anyone would give twopence for them, any more than they would have given me for mine; and whether these men and women have the courage to go on and wait until fifty years after their death, and whether then they'll have the sense to laugh. What it is to have admirers! What a thing it is to be more laughed at than anything on earth as a condition of afterwards receiving more adulation than anything in heaven!

They've worked it well. In rhyme I give their reason: They chose their time and filled a silly season.

TOUCHING POPULAR MUSIC.

By JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

THE programmes of the Promenade Concerts, which begin a week to-day, are now out, and very interesting reading they make. These concerts must be reckoned the most valuable of the achievements of Sir Henry Wood and Mr. Newman. The fortnightly winter Saturday afternoon concerts are neither better nor worse than those of the London Symphony Orchestra—perhaps, on the whole, if an odious comparison must be made, it is not altogether to the advantage of the Queen's Hall Orchestra. As one of my colleagues mentioned in these columns some time ago, Sir Henry has ended by turning himself into a model drill-master, and that does not make for fine orchestral playing. But for the Promenade Concerts he seems to take less pains and the results are correspondingly better. The playing is better (if italics may be pardoned); and a point to notice is that the programmes are better. Naturally there is a fair amount of Russian stuff and of Wagner; but mixed up with it is plenty of sound, serious, old-fashioned, conservative stuff and some modern music. What we must all be principally interested in is the quantity of modern English music. Whether or not the inclusion of this means anything I cannot say. I hope it means that we are beginning to take an interest in our own music. But audiences, at the Queen's Hall and elsewhere, are very slow to learn. It may be asked, Why should they learn? The answer is that the higher is finer than the lower—that is all, and no one wants to argue the point with anyone who disagrees. Consider the Proms. of old days—the season's waltz, the burlesque symphony, the fashionable ballad, and then consider Mr. Newman's programmes for the next sixty nights. And there is another thing to be considered—or rather two other things. English compositions are to be "presented" (as the Americans say), and the presentation is to be done by the presenting composers in the rôle of conductor. Mr. Cyril Scott is a composer whose exploits are nearly unknown to me: if I had a flying machine or could be everywhere at the same time I might have heard more of them; but Mr. Scott is one of those elusive composers whose device is to send tickets after the concert has taken place; and this is hardly fair, and is certainly a little futile, seeing that Mr. Scott wants to gain an English audience for his English works. He is the loser—not I; and since I wish my readers to participate in the pleasure I have experienced on various occasions (when he or his agent notified me in time), it is a joy to me to notify all it may concern that Mr. Scott's symphonic poems (de-testable term!), "Twilight of the Year" and "Paradise Birds", will be given on the twenty-sixth. Mr. Percy Grainger's pieces need not be mentioned by name. They are all the same, all of the same gay quality; not one shows a trace of any profound feeling; but they all exhilarate, and the present-day grey and drab world of our musicians would be the poorer without them. Mr. Grainger has been on more than one occasion the enlivening feature of a dull concert; and though I don't believe any of the Proms. will this year be dull, I know quite well they will be the brighter for Mr. Grainger's presence. For, as I have said, not only the compositions but the composers are to be presented: that is, every composer will look after his own works. So we shall see Mr. Grainger as well as hear him, and I don't know which is the better fun. I am glad to see the name of Mr. Percy Pitt, a man who has genuine inventive gifts, one who ought to be in the front rank of musicians, and would be there had he not come into polluting touch with Covent Garden. And there are others.

I have mentioned these names merely as examples of what is going on. Mr. Clutsam's works, Mr. Vaughan Williams', Mr. Thomas Dunhills', Mr. Keyser's "Timenah," and some other things seem all of the same kidney; I know them as well now, never having heard them at all, as if I had heard them a thousand times. The titles alone are sufficient to

bewray them. "The King's Threshold", "inspired by W. B. Yeats' poem", is all very well; but is Mr. Williams precisely the poet-musician to interpret these Keltic imaginings? As for names such as Keyser, they are not so emphatically English as to demand any enthusiasm. Some of Mr. Newman's English novelties are very promising but not very English.

While these things are going on inside the hall, outside there are many concerts proceeding which are even more interesting to the onlooker or hearer than anything to be heard inside. There is a vulgar form of art known as the outside band to be heard on the Embankment and elsewhere, and this particular form of art has been much derided by many friends of mine. Taking my courage in both hands, I attended one of these entertainments. I attended a second, a third, or fourth, and so ad infinitum. My collection of programmes is unequalled in London. So I have not only heard the playing but know the things played. So far as the first is concerned, I can only say that in every case it was excellent. On the Embankment, in Brockwell Park—a lovely park at Brixton defiled by filth—the playing was as good as anything to be heard at Sir Henry Wood's concerts. I am beginning to wonder who know most about music, the crowd in Brockwell Park or the be-diamonded crowd at Covent Garden. On the whole probably the people in Brockwell Park, like those in Hyde Park and the other parks, would refuse the weaker Italian stuff and demand the Wagner over and over again. The resemblance between the average programmes and those of the Proms is a little remarkable. I have not yet heard the "Liebestod" or the "Ride of the Valkyries" attempted; but the "Tannhäuser" overture and march are played every day somewhere in London, and excerpts from "Lohengrin" and "Rienzi" are quite common. I once, but only once, heard the "Dutchman" overture done; but for want of the strong tone the thing was ineffective. The most curious feature of these open-air concerts is the atmosphere of domesticity. They remind me of the French cafés on a Sunday afternoon and the matinées given for children in the Paris music-halls. Fond parents arrive with their children and sit down for an hour's quiet enjoyment, either upon the free seats or upon those for which the fee demanded is one penny, including a programme. The hoydenism and even hooliganism which I remember in Hyde Park twenty years ago are entirely absent: papa smokes and mamma gives the youngest child an occasional slap (to remind it, I suppose, who it is); but there are no other interruptions. In the music-halls of Paris all mirthless jokes and improper allusions are suspended for the afternoon, and I must confess that though I missed these essential ingredients of a French music-hall performance the loss seemed to me a gain. I marvel that some enterprising Coliseum, Hippodrome or Palladium manager does not put two and two together and act upon the result. That is, this form of entertainment is immensely popular in France, and the other form of entertainment—the open-air band—is immensely popular in England in the summer; so why should not a combination of the two be tried on Saturday afternoons in the music-halls during the season when sitting out of doors is not to be thought of? Of course the prices of admission would have to be nominal, but the expenses would not be heavy and perhaps our generous County Council, which pays for the summer bands, would come to the rescue for the winter entertainments. We who breathe maledictions on the picture-palace might remember that nothing in their place is provided for the poorer classes. A clean, healthy entertainment with plenty of good popular music would be a boon to thousands. Wagner "goes" immensely with the open-air audiences, but there is no need to thrust Wagner or the classics everlastingly into people's ears. There is a huge number of good light pieces that an intelligent bandmaster can draw upon. Anyhow, there is my suggestion. I don't suppose it will be taken, for of all men who love to get into a rut and stay there music-hall directors are the worst. If they had their way we should still have the

chairman of old time sitting at his table with his hammer and pot of ale. Competition is growing keener, and I am told that the picture shows are playing the deuce. Perhaps some daring soul will arise, take my hint, and make a fortune. In the hour of his triumph may he remember me.

THE PENSION.

BY JOHN HALSHAM.

IF Eliel Awcock had been told ten years ago that he would one day come on the parish he would have treated the prediction as a bad joke, and put it by with the melancholy dignity which marked most of his dealings with the world. To him at sixty, still doing a fuller day's work than half the younger men, settled in all the fixity of long employment and the familiar cottage and allotment, in that troublous but enduring state of health which he has enjoyed from childhood, vexed with chronic bile and frequent bronchitis and a disastrous invasion of corns, the possibility of "taking money off the parish" was beyond the dreams of penury. Fifty years in the gardens, with hardly a day missed from work, nor a week without the steady wages, had made the taking of thought, in any wider view than from Saturday to Saturday, a most improbable exercise. When the eighteen shillings which he earned as second gardener at the Hall dropped to a variable ten or twelve for day jobs at the rectory and one or two other houses in the village, the fall was not severely felt: his children were out in the world, and he was actually better off so than when there were eight to feed and clothe. Then, at seventy, came the quick failure so common in the case of lives which have been one even stretch of hard work. In the busy time of early summer the allotment begins to seem to be a very long way from the street, when the day's task at other people's plots is over, and when after tea one should take the spud or hoe and give the rest of daylight to one's house-beans or potatoes. Then a day's holiday is taken from the rectory garden; then, by the doctor's orders, a whole week's rest, a fortnight, a vague term depending on a problematical rebuilding of the constitution. The change is confusing at first, but it is clearly the course of Nature; his inside is clean wore out, like his father's was at seventy-nine. He is fairly well content to sit at home among the treasures of a life-time perhaps never before properly appraised, the little sticks of furniture, the china on the mantelshelf, fairings of many a year, the mourning-cards, the German prints of Bible scenes with the text in three languages. He has time at last for as much reading as his eyes will stand, in books of war, travel and adventure such as were always his favourites, Mungo Park, and Creasy's "Decisive Battles", and the "Swiss Family Robinson", and a defective copy of "Eothen". Gradually the idea takes shape that he has done his last day in the gardens. It was not without a pang that he brought his tools home from the rectory shed, where they had hung for thirty years; but the stoical method was sufficient to meet the necessity; and the furlough would be endurable, if the discharge had not brought with it an absolute stop to the means of livelihood.

The Saturday's wages were the sole income. One may bring up respectably and launch on the world a family of six on earnings averaging fourteen shillings a week; but not save much beyond one's funeral expenses in the process. Nothing practicable was to be looked for from the children: the one son was in Australia; the daughters, married and gone away, were struggling with families of their own—all but one, who had married a well-to-do publican, and was even less within the range of appeal than were her sisters. At length, after much talking it over, with heavy misgiving and an incurable sense of degradation, Eliel made up his mind to apply for that gracious boon wherewith the far-seeing beneficence of public men had planned to soothe the declining years of more or less deserving toil. There is no conjuring for him in the title of the dole. "They used to call it 'out-relief'", he says, "and I reckon it

comes out of the same pockets now they calls it 'pension'; and I can't see why they was agin a man havin' the relief, and down on ye like as if 'twas a disgrace, and all for makin' ye go into the House; and now they've changed their minds, and ready to let ye have it as easy, and kind o' thankin' ye for takin' it. Father, he'd a little bit o' money put by, and he'd allays say to us: 'Never you come on the parish, whatever you do!' and I guess he'd have said there wasn't no difference 'twixt this here pension and the parish-pay. But my mistus is middling set on my havin' it; and I don't blame her, and I 'spect as how I shall have to get the papers."

That was a theoretical appreciation, before the process of securing the boon had been entered on. The proof of the seventy years was no easy business. The fact of his having been "half-christened", as the village calls the office of private baptism, made the entry in the registers doubtful. "Ye see", Eliel explains, "people didn't reckon to take near so much trouble then about when their children was borned. They'd say they was borned tan-flawin' time, or oat-sowin' time, or lime-fetchin' time. Unless there was something happened to make 'em remember, like my wife's brother, as was borned the day twenty people was killed in Clayton tunnel."

Finally the evidence of a scrawl in the family Bible is allowed; and Eliel goes on to answer the string of questions in the official form, which he regards with suspicious hostility as a set of obvious traps and catches for a plain man. The first impression which the inquiries might make on a less simple intelligence than Eliel's is that the authorities expect the average applicant to be a designing rascal. "They ast me", says Eliel, "if I'd ever undergone penal servitude; and I said: 'Ay; fifty-seven years of it, come Christmas!' but my mistus she wouldn't put that down. 'Had I got anything to sell?' 'Ay', I says, 'a spade and a spud as I shan't want no more, and a wheelbarra up on the allotments, with the bottom out.' Then I must get three people to speak for me. I reckon they needn't ha' been so careful, seein' I've been here forty-two years, ever since I left the gardens at Bent's Hill. I never got into no trouble; but they treat ye as if ye was a theft or a cadger. And after all it don't seem to make no difference. Look at Charley Blaker, that's been a rough 'un all along; never did any work as he could help, allays on the drink, and done his six months for stealing corn from the stables; he'll get his money just as soon as me, and sooner too, I d'say. That's not what I calls justice, not in no fashion."

Somehow—let politicians assign the cause—the last aspect in which the great scheme appears to Eliel and his likes is that of a public-spirited and single-minded effort for the amelioration of the lot of the labouring classes. "They called it a free gift, and why can't they give it ye free, then? I 'spect 'tis these chaps as has to pay out the money that makes all the trouble; 'tis their game to put ye off if they can, 'cause they're paid accordin' to what they save, if it isn't that it goes straight into their own pockets."

It would seem from expressions such as these that in the view of the recipients—that particular opinion which among all the noise for and against the enactment is never heard—that "Government" has managed to miss its mark by a fairly wide margin. That Power—vaguely conceived of as a system of stupid and generally malevolent interference with elementary rights and liberties—somehow fails to "represent" Eliel and his friends: there is a break in the line of communication between those who make the laws and those who merely abide them. "O' course we know they're all London gentlemen", says the village, "and taken up with their business and that, and don't know naun about the country; but if they'd thought to ask one or two as knows, 'twould ha' saved a deal of trouble; but there 'tis!"

Eliel Awcock's opinion of Parliament-men is not wholly academic. Some years ago he actually saw and had speech with a prominent ornament of the House, one of the "strong man" breed, whose ascent and domination seem to the present generation to be quite

inadequately accounted for by the relics left of him, a few depreciatory club stories and the impossibly heavy speeches in a belated "Life and Letters". If the village philosopher argues incurably from the particular to the general, he is only following the almost unbroken custom of his race—a habit which by this time we might perhaps have learned to take into account in our reckoning of suffrages and the like: the instance itself was in this case undoubtedly seen whole and clear. "I was swappin' the grass and the brakes in the middle ride in Hollgrove Shaw for the keeper", says Eliel, relating his encounter with the great man, "end o' July, just after Linvul Fair, and an old gen'lman come along, and ast me to tell him how to get out o' the wood. A stout old gen'lman he was, in a tail-coat and one of these wide-awake hats, and spectacles; very thick in the neck, he was, and awk'ard on his feet, and he kept twitchin' one eye and his mouth: didn't seem he could keep still. And I ast him where he wanted to get to out of the wood, and he told me he was stayin' with Sir John at the Hall, and he was to meet the party in the shaw, and somehow he'd missed them, and he couldn't find his way out nohow; reg'lar lost, he was, and out o' temper about it, and a bit frightened too, I reckoned. I told'm to go down the ride, till he came to where I'd left my baggin' hook and my slip, and then acrost the dick, and mind the slub, and over the barway, and through Little Reddings and the Alder Legs, and that'd bring him to the Lythe, where they'd been brishin' the hedge, and from there 'twas pretty good travellin' to the Hall. He made out he couldn't understand what I said, and I told'm twice over, as plain as plain, but he only shook his head, and held up his hand, and said: 'That'll do, that'll do!' and goes on down the ride. Seem'd he never learnt to lift his feet, walking; and he came up against roots in the path pretty nearly every step he took; and after he had gone round the turn I heard'm go floush through something, and I 'spect he found the slub, if he never found the barway. Seemed he couldn't understand what I said, no more'n if I was a foreigner; and it was funny I could tell what he said, me bein' no scholard, but him that was a great man, and had to do with all this edication, couldn't understand me. And seems to me there's a lot more that they never get hold on, what we can see easy enough; and that's how they come to go wrong with this Pension, and the Insurance, and all these things they puts on us. Hear 'em talk at election time, you'd think they'd got us into Heaven, pretty nearly; but if we could get the old times back again, when there was work for anyone as liked it, and anyone could keep a pig, and farming paid a man to do it proper, not like what they do now, all weeds as they call a vallow, and sellin' their hay off by September, why, we'd do without this outdoor relief, for that's what it is, and it won't alter it to call it a Pension—no, not if it was four hundred a year."

THE GREAT NORTHERN DIVER.

By EDMUND SELOUS.

II.

THE melancholy cry has been with you from time to time, through the long, damp, mosquito-plagued day, and "once—but once"—you have seen the bird. But it is alone and unmated. Even had it stayed there would be no interesting activities to watch; but it dived in the cold waters—adding a chill to your chilliness—and when it rose, was almost indistinguishable amidst the far-spreading mistiness. As now is the time of incubation, or of the glad family exodus, this must be some outcast from the season's felicities, "one more unfortunate", some poor, lonely bird, a suitor—for no female would be left so—whose suit has been unprosperous. But no, for again the cry comes—now much nearer—and looking out once more from the little, wet, uncomfortable tent, pitched on an islet of the great lake, so near the shore that it seems all a part of it, there is now a pair of these birds—of these greatest of all the

brants, loons, divers—"ten times greater than the others"—the great northern one; the pair undoubtedly, for there is only one that haunts and breeds yearly in this embayment of the wide expanse. They are approaching the island, and not so very far off. That no young bird is with them causes grief only, not wonder; for even though (as now recalled) there is a nest quite near—empty, but, by its appearance, not newly built—yet the long arm of a certain scientific society, one of whose principal imagined contributions to science is the ceaseless destruction of those very materials on which the study (and with it the society) of one of her most fascinating branches is based, reaches unfortunately yearly to these seeming lonely spots. Somewhere indeed (unless burnt or broken by divine anger) is a cabinet wherein, in lieu of a great northern diver—child of this very pair—that, but for such ignoble philistinism, skulking behind a noble name, would have been floating even now in life on these waters—and just one year old—lies an empty egg-shell—its purchaser a right proud man. Therefore it is with much more surprise than the contrary (as it at first seemed) produced, that, with a sudden start of pleasure which throws a radiance over the mosquitoes, the weather, the comfortless, un watertight tent, everything, you see there is a chick after all. Either it must have been pressed close against the side, or upon the back of one or other of the parents, and of this last there has been—not for quite the first time—some appearance indeed, but, neither now nor before, certainty; it may have been a foot held aloft, and as a loved pair of red-throated divers that you watched once, far away, in an isle of the sea, have never thus carried their young, it is safer to adopt the first conjecture as the true explanation.

The birds come nearer and nearer, the young one keeping in the middle—guarded as it were on either side—but you were sitting, most unfortunately, just outside the tent when the cry first came; and divers, being birds, have sharp eyes. Also, as they continue to advance, an increasing bulge of the shore begins to hide them, and either you must get quickly to its edge or run the risk of losing them altogether—for with a dive or two in the mists they will be gone. A strategic movement therefore is hastily begun, but the rain and mosquitoes together prevent both true crawling and any hand and knee approximation to it. The alternative, since standing would be fatal, is to walk on the knees, keeping your umbrella—a concealing and many-other-way-assisting medium which should be carried where possible by the bird-life student (confound not him, reader, with the slaughterous "ornithologist"—vex not so his sad soul!)—just over you. In this torturous, cold and wet manner, which an inner fire helps you to support, you gain, at last, the line of rocks which makes the shore-belt of the islet: the birds are again before you, but far out now on the lake. Still, even though the gloom of a sunless day's night makes it almost now night, as we know it, you can watch them for some time through the glasses and note how disproportionately, almost comically, small the young bird looks as he swims with both his big parents, sometimes between them, at some distance from both, sometimes by the side of either. Then rain, mist and gloom make even things close all shadowy, and there is the great lake alone. "Deep into that darkness peering", you sit upon the rocks till past midnight, and from far away, by shores cloud-draped and hidden, comes the cry again, and not only now the sad, wailing one—sad, but, like sad music, more longed for—a taking sadness—"more, I prethee, more"—but, following it, the strange-sounding, weird, elemental, sprite-like laughter, repeated and repeated, every time more strangely and weirdly, out of those great gloomy waters, with their environment of dark, sad mountains, their heads hidden now in clouds that seem almost as dense and as massy as themselves. Through the wide wetness—that desolation of cloud, mist and aqueous gloom from which all of solid seems densified—it comes, that most strange cry, that laugh that elementals might rejoice with, that unhumanised, human-mocking mirth: on it you may go back and sleep—of it you may dream.

This weirdest of notes, which, by the marked trill in it, inevitably suggests laughter, even though contrasting with all that is mirthful and cheery—perhaps the more for that reason—may be rendered, with some approach to verbal suggestiveness, as "hülla-loo-i-oo, hülla-loo-i-oo" (the "u" of the "hulla" as in "pull", the "i" short as in "in"), repeated several times, longer or shorter, but never long-drawn-out, and sometimes closely followed, as now, by the long, lugubrious, almost wailing "hoo-oooo-ee-oo". They are sounds in marvellous unison with the spirit of the dark, cheerless waters over which the bird swims, and the plutonian shores that surround them. You have heard them in the deeper dreams of night, in the early morning they begin to mingle with your waking ones, until, rousing yourself and getting into as much of oilskin as you have not slept in, you crawl, with glasses, out of the mosquito-swarming, rain-dripping tent into the actual rain and wind, both welcomed—especially the latter—as keeping the mosquitoes away. Getting to the rocks again, you have soon a good, though distant, view of the family—the weather being now clearer—and note with interest that both the parents are diving about the chick, who swims steadily on, never once dipping its head even. Time and time again either one or the other of them rises quite near to the little one, sometimes almost under it, and, swimming close up, touches it lightly with the bill. These touches seem to be of the nature of pretty, affectionate greetings, for it does not appear that the chick is being fed by its dams, though at such a distance certainty cannot be vouched for. Owing to these endearments, there is sometimes a pause in the chick's progress, but never a very marked one, and all, upon the whole, keep on in a fairly direct line, making, it is but too evident, for a certain bay where the shore must inevitably hide them from sight—and so it does: such are the sorrows of bird-watching. Some little time afterwards, however, one of the parents comes swimming out alone, making straight for you—or more properly its own—island, where for a little it rides at anchor, just opposite you and fairly close in, offering you a magnificent view (promptly accepted) through the glasses. In vain now you look—as you have before from every distance—for something in the coloration of this species that can fairly be said to be blending—"oblitative"; neither in the velvet black neck, with its pied semi-necklet, just failing to ring it, nor in the saliently speckled back, or white breast and sides—all vaunting, "giving bold advertisement"—is there anything that justifies such epithets? By virtue of all these and of the eye-arresting curve of the neck and sharply-defined, black, stiletto-like bill, the great northern diver is a bird well fitted to be seen, and not at all specially fitted to be concealed. Oblitative! But in relation to what set of circumstances should properties of such a kind have become developed in this large, strong bird, with its great powers of diving? Before the advent of the scientific collector—"Heaven's last, worst gift to birds"—it seems doubtful if there was a sufficient case for this strategy on the part of nature. With his advent an oblitative process did indeed begin, and is now in full operation—but it is of another kind.

CORRESPONDENCE.

GILT AND GINGERBREAD.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Windlestone.

SIR—In a recent trial for burglary I noticed that the judge—and a good judge too—commented thus on the proposed removal of S. George's Hospital:

"I think it a fortunate thing for the man that S. George's Hospital is where it is".

In reply, Dr. Ewart: "I think it is".

The judge, in very bad English: "I wish you were going to continue it where it is. I don't know how people are going to do without it".

In a letter to the SATURDAY REVIEW on 26 July I commented on this disastrous destruction from an æsthetic point of view. This other view is utilitarian and even more emphatic. But alas! neither can be of any use, for "it is money makes the mare to go is a saying true".

Thank God however it won't pay. Big hotels, I believe, never do—for long at any rate. Too many waiters, too many napkins for bourgeois mouthpieces and others. Too much music, too much show. Just to think on the other hand of the economy that might be exercised without the sacrifice of "luxury and comfort", but with the addition of taste. That however would never suit the public mind.

I was in Venice last winter—Venice is so much more beautiful in a fog than in sunshine, and as I wrote home, "Sickert, Sargent, Sunshine and the Salute have ruined Venice". The Salute always seems to me like the Esterelles, especially made for young ladies to paint. You know the blue and pink of the Esterelles under such circumstances, and the eternal sunshine settling on the façade of the Salute. The Salute is decadent and rococo. Only turn and look at the lovely San Giorgio, or the still more beautiful Redentore—Palladio at his best—putting your back against that hideous Custom House. But I will tell you from where the Salute is beautiful—that is the back of it from the Giudecca, relieved with olives, or probably ilex and cypresses—lovely it is all, with the shipping in front, I don't mean with Clara Montalba sails, but without, with the bare rigging beautifully drawn and set in between. I wish they would have cypresses everywhere in Venice, but they tell me that there is a superstition against them. All superstitions are foolish, and when they interfere with beauty they are criminal. We know that cypresses would "do" well, as witness the cemetery on the way to Murano. How well they would shoot up slick into the sky, and how quickly they would grow! Whilst in Venice I went to see Danieli's Hotel, thinking to find the remnants of taste that I recollected years ago. Not a bit of it. I was shown over the place by a delighted and proudly gilt manager. I found the gilt and gingerbread to suit, I was told, the modern American taste. I was told also that you must keep up the beau idéal of Italian palatial residence. I suppose this was a fait accompli. There was not a chair you could sit in, a bed you could enter or a stick of comfort. But instead a mass of reflecting looking-glasses or mirrors to duplicate the horrors, vulgarity and discord everywhere. And this is what succeeds like success; and the price of the rooms was equal to the gold of the decorations.

The manager was quite disgusted with my remarks—but I am not American. Well, "return we to our story", if Hell is paved with good intentions it is certainly roofed with lost opportunities. An hotel that would be comfortable and inoffensive could be, but won't be, built at Hyde Park Corner. Keep to simplicity, avoid display. Why not build exactly on the lines of Apsley House, of Stafford House, or the garden front of Buckingham Palace? By the way, I am sorry to believe they are going to put a sort of Louis XIV. *quelque chose* on the front of Buckingham Palace. Low be it spoken, for it must assuredly be a secret—or a joke.

Inside the hotel pray avoid decoration; let distemper, as in the old Italian palaces, be the aim; and dispense with the charms of palms and flowers that cost a lot, and that no one looks at so long as there are beautiful women, and they are cheaper. Then there is brandy for heroes to drink and big cigars to stink and smoke.

"Sir", said Dr. Johnson, "let us take a walk down Fleet Street." How delightful it must have been then, when people for instance took snuff to no one's annoyance instead of smoking in your face, which some of us don't like. But this beside the question. It is the terrible destruction of beauty, the construction and the reconstruction of the vulgar that is to be deplored but will never be arrested.

The New Dominion House that Lord Grey is talking about is a chance for us now. Why not something as

fine as S. Paul's? Never mind the Dominion part of the affair, "our cousins across the sea" and so on; but let us think of the building. The chance for a definite conclusion, a landmark of taste to posterity. Let us obliterate if we can the reproach of the South Kensington Museum, the horror of Harrod's Stores, and that worst of all disgusting objects the Victoria Memorial. Let us try to forget Mount Street. "How surely he who mounts you swears"—and the innumerable brick and bric-à-brac streets and houses, of red marble, of terra-cotta ornaments, of ramp, of cheerfulness and the decay of taste. Oh! for the Georgian period that is never reproduced. Shades of the Italian Renaissance, ghosts of Adam and of Nash. Good-bye to the dear departed. To Hell with its deplorable successors. But as usual there is nothing to be done; "things", like brooks that gurgle and women that obstruct, must take their course.

There is not possibility of influencing anything. For my part I am a fatalist. Good-day.

WILLIAM EDEN.

P.S.—Since writing my letter of 26 July I have had an anonymous communication very much in accord with my views. I wish the writer would declare himself.—W. E.

THE CHANNEL TUNNEL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR—I see people are again agitating for a Channel Tunnel—when I say people I mean, of course, newspaper editors, financiers, contractors, engineers, and other birds of prey.

The cost, I see, is estimated at about sixteen millions, which means, of course, twenty or twenty-five millions. No estimate ever yet came within twenty-five per cent. of the expenditure before the birds of prey were satisfied. Of this sum I suppose ten, twenty or thirty per cent. will find its way into their claws and beaks, and this, too, in a time of such financial stress as the world has seldom seen—a financial stress largely due to similar schemes—Panama Canals, "Dreadnoughts" "Titanics", motor industries, aeroplanes, and so on—not one of which has produced a particle of wealth, but has, on the contrary, preyed on the natural resources of the world for the benefit of a few hook-nosed gentlemen and engineers who might have put their talents to a better use.

What is this tunnel to do for us?

Firstly it is to cement our friendship with France! The argument seems weak, for if friendship depends upon ease of access France and Germany, as well as the Balkan States, would be on the best of terms.

Secondly it is to secure our foreign food supply in case of war. If we are to depend on a foreign food supply it would be equally well secured by the expenditure of half the amount on the Navy; but why depend on a foreign food supply?

Our home food supply could be increased tenfold if the Government would only devote five or six millions to the encouragement of home agriculture, but then, of course, there would be no financial deals and pickings for Iky Mo and Co., for Lord Cowdray and foreign bankers; no rise in Chatham and South-Eastern shares, and stockbrokers and jobbers would be deprived of one more chance of fleecing the poor outside public.

After all, we know—or at any rate the financial press will vouch for it—that all real wealth is created on the Stock Exchanges of the world, and only by the fluctuations of paper scrip can the world's prosperity be measured.

What is the Channel Tunnel to do for us?

Tempt a lot of people to go to Paris, who had better stop at home and keep their money in their pockets to spend on something useful instead of transferring it to the pockets of railway shareholders; to give us half an hour of a stuffy hole instead of an hour or two of sea breezes and perhaps a little not unwholesome sea-sickness; to shorten a journey, which for the good of our own country most of us had better not make at all; and to divert a large amount of our labour from productive to unproductive work.

It seems that to-day all intellect and labour is applied to getting from one place to another as quickly as possible and with as little trouble as possible, without any thought as to what our object is in going there.

We are despatched like parcels and like parcels are sent home again, and when we get back, poorer in purse and health, most of us regret that we ever went at all.

If we only spent half the money we lavish in getting away from a place on making our own little corner of the earth worth staying in and living in for ourselves and our neighbours, I think we should find life better worth living and our country better worth fighting for and dying for in case of need.

But then, of course, the financier's occupation would be gone, and there would be no need for that

"Blest paper credit, last and best supply
That lends corruption lighter wings to fly".

Yours etc.
S. F.

"THE AFTERMATH IN CHINA."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Royal Societies Club S. James Street S.W.
6 August 1913.

SIR—There is a slight inaccuracy in the article on "The Aftermath in China" in your issue of the 2nd instant. Referring to Shanghai, the article says: "The Council has since had to strengthen its own position by occupying Chapei, an adjacent suburb of the Chinese city which has always been a source of annoyance and which it is to be hoped will now be permanently incorporated".

The district known as Chapei has no geographical connexion whatever with the Chinese city, and is separated from it by both the French and foreign settlements.

Yours faithfully
CHAS. H. GODFREY.

INFANT MORTALITY—AND A MINIMUM WAGE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR—One of probably many thousands, I have been trying to find a head or a tail in the confused mass of theories as to "the land and the people". And, at the very outset of search, I am met by a cruel difficulty—the most important factor of all seems to be ignored. No single theorist touches on the question of the relation which necessarily exists between the number of mouths in any family and the amount of the weekly wages required for subsistence. Bear in mind, too, that the more successful we are in preventing infant mortality, the greater is the number of mouths in any family requiring food for sustenance.

Consider the agricultural labourer: in the great majority of cases we may take the man as the one wage-earner; certainly children, till the age of eight years, may be treated as mere consumers.

Now an agricultural labourer and his wife may, at the lowest, be assumed to require 10s. a week for subsistence allowance, including rent, boots, clothes, etc. And each child may, roughly, be assumed to require 3s. a week. Then let us, always at the lowest, assume the minimum wage to be fixed at 20s. a week, and let us compare the ineffective man and woman who are childless with the man and woman who have done their duty to their country by giving it eight new inhabitants. The former require 10s. a week for subsistence allowance; and they get 20s. The latter require 34s. a week for subsistence allowance; they get 20s. a week.

If we consider any question of the minimum wage and infant mortality—we are on the horns of a dilemma: we are faced by a contradiction between what is for the benefit of the nation and what is for the benefit of the individual. It is for the general benefit of the nation that families should be as large as possible: it is for the personal benefit of each

family that it should be as small as possible. Morally, I do not suggest that the Church is in error when preaching the godliness of full quivers. But we exist in a universe of £ s. d. Should not, therefore, some national attempt be made to reconcile the moral and economic responsibilities of husband and wife?

Your obedient servant
F. C. CONSTABLE.

CARLYLE'S BIRTHPLACE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

8 August 1913.

SIR—I am glad to be able to announce that in response to the appeal made in my article last week a generous donor, who prefers for the present to remain anonymous, has come forward and undertaken the whole sum asked for in my article to complete the purchase of the Arched House, Ecclefechan. I need not say how gratifying such a prompt and generous response is to me personally.

In the meantime, I have received a certain number of other subscriptions, which will now not be needed for this particular purchase. But the Carlyle's House Memorial Trust is in serious need of an endowment fund, and I would greatly like to be able to hand any amount, in excess of the actual sum required for the purchase of the Arched House, which my appeal may produce, to the trustees as a nucleus of an endowment fund.

May I ask, therefore, that those who have already sent me subscriptions will allow me to hand them to the Carlyle's House Memorial Trust, to be applied to the maintenance and repairs of the building? In the absence of any objections from individual subscribers I propose to do this.

I am yours faithfully
FILSON YOUNG.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

67 Lexham Gardens W.

5 August 1913.

SIR—I have never read a nobler or more touching appeal than Mr. Filson Young's article entitled "A Hundred Pounds" which appeared in your last number.

It is good to know that Carlyle's birthplace can be secured for such a sum and set apart for ages to come as an altar or sacred place. I feel sure that many would wish to have a hand in such a work, and surely as many as possible should be allowed to help. I hope you will call on me for a pound or two, or three pounds as you may think fit. There are too few of such shrines in Great Britain.

Yours faithfully
FRANK HARRIS.

[Mr. Filson Young's news is very welcome. His appeal could hardly fail; but success so prompt was not to be looked for. We trust other subscribers will fall in with Mr. Young's suggestion, Mr. Frank Harris showing the way.—ED. S. R.]

TO MY BEST FRIEND.

I LOVE the wet-lipped wind that stirs the hedge,
And kisses the bent flowers that drooped for rain,
That stirs the poppy on the sun-burnt ledge,
And like a swan dies singing, without pain.
The golden bees go buzzing down to stain
The lily's frills, and the blue harebell rings,
And the sweet blackbird in the rainbow sings.

Deep in the meadows I would sing a song,
The shallow brook my tuning-fork, the birds
My masters, and the boughs they hop along
Shall mark my time, but there shall be no words
For lurking echo's mock, an angel herds
Words that I may not know, within, for you;
Words for the faithful meet, the good and true.

F. E. LEDWIDGE.

REVIEWS.

THE LITERARY MOVEMENT IN FRANCE.

MAY TO AUGUST.

UGHT we to mention "Les Angès Gardiens" by M. Marcel Prévost (Paris, Lemerre, 1913, 3f. 50c.)? It created a tremendous sensation it is true, but now, at the end of twelve short weeks, the agitation is so completely forgotten, and the book appears so cruelly unjust, and, placed beside the two novels we are going to speak of, it is so obviously inferior that we have some hesitation. Let us then merely use it as a conspicuous helot to show how striking the difference between good books and successful or especially sensational ones is seen to be the moment curiosity subsides. M. Marcel Prévost, after being a decidedly scandalous writer, has been converted, as is not infrequent, by his own success, and at present tries with commendable zeal to make himself useful in all his books. But he ought to use discretion; what is the good of appearing to be anxious about peaceful families and at the same time bringing obloquy on women generally worthy of sympathy? One fears the poor foreign governesses in France, and the poor French governesses in Germany—where M. Prévost's books are extensively read—have owed to "Les Angès Gardiens" a few uncomfortable weeks, and this ought to be punishment enough for the author of a bad book who however is not a bad man.

Beside "Les Angès Gardiens", "Laure", by M. Emile Clermont (Paris, Grasset, 1913, 3f. 50c.) and "L'Appel des Armes", by M. Jean Psichari (Paris, Oudin, 1913, 3f. 50c.) appear as works of a completely different class. M. Clermont is a man under thirty-five, who not so long ago was reading at the Ecole Normale Supérieure for a professorship, and whose previous production was limited to one volume, "Amour Promis" (Paris, Calmann Lévy, 1909, 3f. 50c.). This volume was not a popular success, but its rare distinction had its reward all the same. Long after its publication we have seen the omnivorous but far from easily pleased M. Faguet mention it in the same breath with "Adolphe", and few readers that count are unaware of its merit.

The success of Bourget and Anatole France has gradually brought back the public taste to the eighteenth century and to a formula which towards 1850, at the time of Balzac's influence, would have seemed impossible to revive—the analytical novel not only of B. Constant but even of Madame de Genlis and Madame de Souza. The immediate master of M. Clermont, of the Tharaud brothers, M. Girandoux and many others of less note like M. Benda may be M. André Gide in his "L'Immoraliste", but these writers are invariably superior to him when they go back for inspiration to their common ancestors. "Amour Promis" is an excellent specimen of this kind of narrative, and so like "Adolphe" that it is easier to feel the differences than to point them out. It is the history of a young man of noble intelligence and aspirations which however cannot make up for his incapacity to lose his heart to anything except ideas. He longs for love, and when he gets it he thinks it a vanity, only to think it again the supreme joy the moment he sees it out of his grasp—a well-known type in French literature. This may make him a martyr, but it causes him also to make a martyr of the woman who loves him. We are too near the elegant naturalism of Anatole France not to have unpleasant thoughts all the time of the explanations the latter would give of such a case, but the explanations are not there, and the whole book is on a very high plane. The characters in "Amour Promis" do not talk about themselves, but about their own ideas and sentiments as if these were individual values of such quality that they have no right to treat them carelessly or even with familiarity. This is eminently the spirit of classical literature, which alone can give mobility to passion. These people seem more distinguished in their selfishness than the heroes of naturalist literature seemed good in their self-denial,

just because their philosophy is of another order; and although André, the hero of "Amour Promis", is, after all, heartless and cruel and the girl he loves is violent and unrestrained, although the book is unutterably sad, it has not a worse effect morally than the tragedies of Racine. From the artistic point of view "Amour Promis" is almost perfect. Its style could hardly be improved; so natural and direct and yet graceful. The narrative runs along so speedily that it carries you over some faults of logic which otherwise would give offence, and its gait and tone lend it dramatic power even where a searching eye would discover the appearance more than the reality of Benjamin Constant's poignancy.

This was the book on which the solid if not very extensive reputation of M. Clermont was founded when "Laure" appeared in the "Revue des Deux Mondes" and, a few weeks ago, in book form. The readers of the "Revue des Deux Mondes" were universally enthusiastic, and M. Clermont's circle of influence at once became immeasurably larger. "Laure" is the story of two girls—Laure herself and her sister Louise—who are brought up in an old country house according to old-fashioned family principles, and develop strong though different personalities. Laure is a perfect idealist, while her sister is more sentimental. A friend of the family falls in love with Laure and she accepts him; but as they come to know each other better he realises that Laure's principles are too high for him, while the girl feels it brought home to her that her sister would be the ideal wife for him. Her self-sacrificing propensities working upon her she gives up her fiancé, who shortly after marries Louise. Laure takes the veil in a neighbouring convent. Eight years later she has to separate herself from her order, and she goes back to her old home on a visit to her sister. She finds that the atmosphere of the place is completely changed: it is now worldly and almost materialistic. To Louise and her husband and to their numerous visitors she appears as a being from another world. The husband is only mildly bored, but Louise feels the old influence which used to act so powerfully upon her when she and her sister were girls. She takes a dislike to her life which promptly turns into a consciousness that she has always despised her husband, and they would live apart if another self-sacrifice of Laure's did not restore them to something like peace mingled with a great deal of resignation.

Here as in "Amour Promis" we find a character or two which at once lift up the tone of the book to an unusual level; we also find the same fundamental sadness, the same poetical atmosphere occasionally condensed in exquisite descriptions, the same graceful language. But there is a tendency to give "style" to portions which do not require it, there are worse illogisms than in "Amour Promis", and above all there is a decidedly idealistic and even symbolistic tendency which shows a completely new departure. We gradually notice that what M. Clermont is writing is not the psychological history of two girls, but an apologue on the value of the ideal struggling in a world which in the main is a failure. This is an uncomfortable feeling which even the readers of "The Scarlet Letter" must remember. Things are made worse by M. Clermont giving up his natural manner in the second part of his book, and adopting the mystery, the halting and frightened movement, even the lisping and hesitancy of Maeterlinck. No man gifted to write like Constant should write like Maeterlinck: it means the wedding of contradictories. We are disappointed at seeing Laure and Louise, who were at first so clear in the foreground, recede into the misty distance, and carry on apparently weak conversations which we are afraid may be full of hidden meaning, until they become mere symbols of two idealisms in different degrees and in different stages of disappointment. The somewhat morbid melancholy running through "Amour Promis" has produced this result, and if M. Clermont yields to it his talent will be the loser. What he needs is health and the optimistic element without which no philosophy is complete.

Optimism and bravery, on the contrary, are exactly what we find in "L'Appel des Armes", by M. Psichari. M. Jean Psichari is the son of the well-known professor of Greek and the grandson of Renan. His life was interesting. Like two out of three French writers he was reading at the Sorbonne for a degree and a chair, when the patriotic outburst called forth by the Tangier demonstration took place. It appears from his writings that he had not been so far free from the hereditary bent of the son of an ardent Dreyfusist and the grandson of the greatest of sceptics. But the shock transformed him, as it did so many others. He immediately enlisted and asked to be sent to Morocco, where he soon distinguished himself. He is now Lieutenant Psichari. "L'Appel des Armes" is only the story of his military vocation thinly disguised under that of a young soldier—the son of an ultra-modern schoolmaster—who follows his captain to Africa, and soon learns there in the freedom of the desert and the excitement of the fight what living one's life really means. He learns something else too. He has had in France, at Cherbourg, in a church, one revelation of the beauty of religion. What he sees in Africa of the faith of Musulmans sets him thinking and promptly develops that germ. These meditations have produced some glowing pages in "L'Appel des Armes"—for the young officer commands a warm and brilliant language—and they have also produced his own final adhesion to Catholicism. The book is dedicated to another convert even better known in literature, the powerful if strange Charles Péguy.

Madame de Noailles publishes a new volume of poems: "Les Vivants et les Morts" (Paris, Fayard, 1913, 3f. 50c.). Her inspiration does not change, and the division of her book under the subtitles "Passions" and "Climats" proves it. She is still the poet of emotion and the poet of Nature. For a long time the emotions of this remarkable woman were nothing else than the multitudinous manifestations of love, but love as it might have been felt by a goddess—Isis rather than Cypris—attentive to the universe and to herself, and treating the object of her affection with something sovereign in her tone. In this volume there are at last traces of other than mere cosmic sufferings. The stoicism which for a long time was all the philosophy of Madame de Noailles occasionally verges on pessimism and with the least unbending might become appealing. As to the descriptive power displayed in "Les Vivants et les Morts", it is not inferior to that which almost dazzles—though it may sometimes irritate—in "Les Eblouissements", and the poet possesses the movement and eloquence which to most Frenchmen seems to be the soul of poetry much more than imagery and the subtler charm of the rhythms.

The fault of this book, as of its predecessors, is its inequality. With something like genius Madame de Noailles still writes as a girl of eighteen, admirably when her subject carries her along, weakly and almost slovenly the moment her inspiration flags.

Beside the three works we have just spoken of it would be unjust not to place another, "Saint Augustin", by M. Bertrand, recently published in the "Revue des Deux Mondes". M. Bertrand's Algerian novels are well known, and excellence in any of his new works is no surprise. Yet it came as a surprise to most people that this painter of cosmopolitanism should suddenly appear as a reverent and sympathetic hagiographer, and it took some time to realise that it was only natural in an African scholar of his erudition, and a novelist in search of rich temperaments, to select Augustine as a hero. What is extraordinary is that he should have been the first to notice the possibilities of such a subject. There is little doubt that if Saint Augustine did not stand alone instead of being a radiating centre like S. Francis Assisi, this highly coloured biography would soon give rise to parallel studies. As it is, we can hardly exaggerate the value of M. Bertrand's work both in itself and as a sign of changed tastes.

Brief mention ought to be made before concluding this review of the "Mémoires of Comte Apponyi"

edited by M. E. Daudet (Paris, Plon, 1913, two vols., 7f. 50c. each). Apponyi was only a handsome young diplomat with better blood than brains and a host of prejudices. But his very lack of ideas, coupled with wonderful curiosity, makes him an admirable reporter. The two volumes so far published cover the last years of the Restoration and the first of Louis Philippe when many witnesses of the ancien régime still lived, but the modern spirit was marvellously active. This contrast is highly interesting.

THE 60TH.

"The Annals of the King's Royal Rifle Corps." By Lewis Butler, formerly a Captain in the Regiment. Vol. I. "The Royal Americans", with Illustrations and Maps. London: Smith, Elder. 1913. 25s. Appendix, dealing with Uniform, Armaments and Equipment. By S. M. Milne and Major-General Astley Terry. Illustrated. London: Smith, Elder. 1913. 15s.

THE circumstances in which this history has been written are explained in the Preface. Briefly, Mr. John Fortescue began the work but dropped it, leaving it to the present author, Captain Lewis Butler, to complete, who states that he had full permission to make such alterations, additions or omissions to the original MS. as he pleased.

The entirely novel conditions in which it was first raised, and the very exceptional nature of its composition rendered a special Act of Parliament necessary to create and maintain the Royal American Regiment, followed by others when fresh battalions were added to it or where the service of the foreigners of which it was mainly composed were required not only in America but in the West Indies. This striking fact ought to have been brought out at once very clearly and insisted on instead of being allowed only gradually to become apparent as the history proceeds.

The remarkable mixed nationalities of both officers and men of the regiment are well described by the author. Thus one of the first lieutenant-colonels, Henri Bouquet, was a Swiss who had served in the Dutch and Sardinian armies and who seems to have been designed by nature to fill the rôle of fighting Red Indians in the forests of North America. But admirable as were his services in these remote regions, Captain Butler asks a little too much of his readers when he asserts that this estimable Swiss should be "considered as the father of British riflemen"!

For Bouquet was by no means the only officer who had learnt the lessons of Indian warfare and had striven to counteract its perils. Amherst, Lord Howe, General Gage and others, Englishmen all, had worked on similar lines. Gage's famous "Light Infantry" once numbered the eightieth of our line, was clad in brown and was among the pioneers of the Light Infantry movement in our Army, as also was Howe's. It may surprise some who read this work to learn that the splendid motto "Celer et Audax", of which the King's Royal Rifles are so justly proud, was given to the Royal Americans neither for their quickness nor for their daring as Riflemen, but as stalwart Grenadiers! The author tells us that the precise feat of arms for which it was given remains at present unknown beyond that it was for some gallant act of the Grenadier companies (there were no rifle companies in those days) of the 60th before Quebec. He also tells us how the famous motto lapsed a few years later. Thus we arrive at the astonishing fact that the famous Rifleman's motto was never borne by the 5th (Rifle) Battalion of the 60th during the twenty years of its brief existence between 1798 and 1818, and that it was only "resumed" by the 1st and 2nd battalions six years later, in 1824.

When the rising of the Redskins occurred, Bouquet's services were indeed splendid. His victory at Bushy Run earned for him much praise, but surely the author is somewhat overstepping the bounds of even

regimental enthusiasm when he asks us gravely: "Had Bouquet lived, should we have lost America?" And now came a difficulty. The regiment, as we have seen, had been raised for service in America, but an Act of Parliament was passed decreeing that the West Indies formed part of North America, and the two battalions were incontinently shipped off to those unhealthy islands and kept there for many years. When the Colonies revolted it was felt that the 60th could not be trusted to fight against their own friends. Nor is this to be wondered at. Captain Butler records how an ex-officer of the 60th, who fought against us, signed the death-warrant of the unfortunate Major André, whose judicial murder will rest as a stain on American honour for all time. Also, he tells us how the famous Horatio Gates, who received the surrender of the British Army at Saratoga, was an ex-major of the 60th! Troops were however urgently wanted, and a 3rd and a 4th battalion were hurriedly raised in Germany and in England, which, in spite of certain undesirable elements, did good service in the defence of Savannah.

Henceforward the title of "Americans" became unmeaning; for North America being lost to us, the services of the 60th were restricted to Canada or the West Indies. Captain Butler might have refrained from gushing over this separation of the present King's Royal Rifle Corps from America. To assure "our cousins" that "although long separated it has never disgraced the American name it once bore" is what the Americans would style "flapdoodle". The author tells us that in 1794 one battalion of the regiment, probably the 1st, was officially armed with the rifle. He gives no authority for the statement, and we much doubt whether any exists. In 1796 he records the appearance of "a good battalion of German riflemen, designated Löwenstein's Chasseurs", in the West Indies; and by the end of the year two other foreign corps, Löwenstein's Fusiliers and Hompesch's Regiment, had arrived. Some of these were destined within the next few years, together with the remains of the York Rangers, Waldstein's Chasseurs and some other rifle corps, in the words of Mr. Fortescue, to be "swallowed up by the 60th".

It was during the last hours of the year 1797, on 30 December, that a new Act of Parliament was passed authorising the raising of a 5th battalion of the 60th for service in America. The 5th battalion was formed in 1798 from the debris of several of these foreign rifle corps in our Service, which were, according to Fortescue, "swept together in the West Indies". It was at Martinique in 1799, and in Surinam later on. In 1799 another Act authorised the raising of the 6th and 7th battalions, also of foreigners for service in America. The 6th battalion arrived in Jamaica in March 1801. In 1808 the 2nd battalion, which had been sent to Jersey to fill up with foreign recruits, was ordered to join Sir John Moore's force at Coruña. It was extremely weak, under 300 N.C.O.s and men, and was largely composed of French prisoners. Captain Butler states that "The 2nd battalion took part in the Battle of Coruña". He further hints that possibly it may have been in the Reserve with Paget. Now it is perfectly well known that it was not with Paget. But where was it? Reference to the muster rolls and pay lists covering the period during which the battalion was at Coruña shows that it was on board ship most of the time. That a portion of it was landed in the fortress about the time of the battle is proved by the fact that the muster rolls grimly note that one officer and nineteen men were taken prisoners of war, and forty-seven men "deserted to the enemy", mostly on the day of the battle, whilst a certain number are quoted as "sent on board a man-of-war" as suspected characters. There were no other casualties. The battle was fought over two miles outside the gates of the Fortress, beyond cannon range of those days. Thus it was that the 60th lost their chance of winning the "battle-honour" of "Corunna". But all will agree that it would have been cruelly unfair to attempt to pit this battalion, composed as it then was, against their own countrymen. In the

last chapter the services of all the other battalions in the West Indies up to 1815 are briefly described. With this record the present volume dealing with "The Royal Americans" ends, although the 60th continued to be known throughout the Army and to figure in the Army List under that title for many years later.

We congratulate Captain Butler on the accomplishment of an extremely difficult task, which he has on the whole done well. We would impress upon him the importance of giving more references for his authorities and acknowledging the sources of his information. In a work of this sort such pains are necessary in order to carry historical weight.

We now come to the separate volume entitled "Appendix". The first part of this, "The Red Coat", is by the late S. M. Milne, whose knowledge of all matters regarding uniforms and equipment was second to none. In about a dozen pages we are given the whole story of the Royal Americans' dress from 1755 until in 1815, in Mr. Milne's words, "The Red Coat of the 60th came to an end". The part describing the old Colours carried by the 60th is equally lucid.

It is indeed a pity that Mr. Milne could not be induced to complete his work and give us the history of "The Green Jacket". Unfortunately the writer of this part, General Astley Terry, seems to have little idea how to deal with historical facts, and the result is that the value of his contribution is considerably lessened. For he seems far more anxious to assert that the 5th battalion was "the first rifle corps" and that it formed "the model" for all others for "dress" and "discipline" than to give his readers accurate information about it. So far as regards dress, General Terry's own plates show how the somewhat bizarre costume of this 5th battalion of Germans was gradually assimilated to that of British Riflemen. All military students who have read Napier or Fortescue know how, between 1800 and 1805, the regiments of the famous Light Division were modelled and trained in England. Were we to believe General Terry's assertions we should have to picture to ourselves Sir John Moore at Shorncliffe glancing nervously across the Atlantic to reassure himself from time to time that he was carrying out his system of war-training for light infantry and riflemen according to the approved "model" of this 5th battalion of Germans raised for West Indian service and exiled during those years in remote Surinam. As to being a "model" for discipline, those who have read in Napier and Fortescue of the glories of Moore's rear guards under Craufurd and Edward Paget during the retreat to Coruña and of the reasons why this 5th battalion was not a sharer in them, will agree that General Terry has an unhappy knack of inviting controversy on matters which it would be to his advantage to let alone.

The value of several of the coloured plates is greatly marred by being undated or incorrectly dated. Thus the whole historic value of a plate reproduced "from an old drawing" depends on the date of the said drawing; this General Terry omits. Again, the plates based upon Colonel Hamilton Smith's drawings in the West Indies of the 5th and 6th battalions are dated by General Terry "1797" and "1799" respectively. As these battalions were not assembled in the West Indies until 1799 and 1801, either these plates are dated wrongly or the drawings are not from life and hence are untrustworthy. The plates are for the most part well drawn, but they are reproduced by some very inferior lithographic process, giving not a few of them an appearance painfully suggestive of tailors' fashion plates.

LADY ELIZABETH.

"The Letter Bag of Lady Elizabeth Spencer-Stanhope."
By A. M. W. Stirling. London: Lane. 1912.
Two Vols. 32s. net.

THIS book is an excellent example of the two-volume fetish that obsesses authors and publishers today. Mrs. Stirling, to whom we owe the stimulating, accurate and interesting biography of the notable

"Coke of Norfolk" (one of the most instructive contributions of recent years to a broad and intelligent appreciation of eighteenth-century England) and the less important but equally interesting "Annals of a Yorkshire House"—has now followed them up with a third book, based on the Cannon Hall Papers, devoted to Lady Elizabeth Spencer-Stanhope, the youngest daughter of "Coke of Norfolk" and the wife of Mr. Spencer-Stanhope. The substance of the volumes is drawn from Lady Elizabeth's letter-bag and roughly covers the period from 1810 to 1870, a connecting narrative being supplied by Mrs. Stirling's skilled and lively pen. The dutifulness which inspired the desire to let a wider public enjoy and understand the material available in family archives, and make the acquaintance at first hand of a vivacious, refined and charming lady who knew and corresponded with a number of interesting people and heard and saw a good deal of public events about which we cannot know too much, that dutifulness realised by a competent editor is as natural as it is commendable. And no one who has read Mrs. Stirling's previous books will question her competence. But why was it necessary to make two volumes out of Lady Elizabeth's letter-bag? We can trust Mrs. Stirling that no items of real importance have been omitted. But can any impartial reader who will look through these pages escape the clear impression that much of what is included is either trivial or belongs to the gossip that may appeal to near relatives but is both superfluous and wearying to everyone outside a necessarily limited family circle? There is no doubt a class of readers to whom the pettiest details of the nurseries, menus and toilettes of the manor-houses, the courtships or squabbles of gentlemen and gentlewomen, furnish the same snobbish interest that the daily scraps about "Society" in the halfpenny papers satisfy, but writers of Mrs. Stirling's quality ought not to encourage such vulgar curiosity. Nor ought they to inflict the trivial and the unnecessary on readers to whom memoirs are historical documents. Family history and papers printed for private circulation are one thing; but when family history is published for the public it is necessary and desirable to apply different criteria and standards; and we maintain that the contents of Lady Elizabeth's letter-bag could easily have been compressed into a single volume and that everyone from the editor downwards would have gained by the compression. It is a pity, too, that the portrait illustrations are not of the quality that Mrs. Stirling's other books had led us to expect.

It is not Mrs. Stirling's fault that the subject and material of this book are inferior in interest and importance to those of their two predecessors. The charm indeed of Lady Elizabeth penetrates through every chapter, a charm tempered agreeably by qualities inherent in her blood and race. Students of heredity will probably speculate idly on the share of "Coke of Norfolk" in his daughter's characteristics, and find for good reasons or bad that she could not have owed her love of music to one who disliked music, and that her determination when her father married a second time to have a household of her own proves her to be more than a chip of the old block, the old block itself. Be that as it may—and the comparison could be carried through a very neat schedule of identities and differences—Lady Elizabeth combined with her unanalysable feminine charm a high degree of culture and refinement which accounts for her interest in serious affairs and men and women engaged in them, and fully justifies their interest in and affection for her. Such subtle charm is immortal. And the woman blessed with it does not lose it, even when apparently all that is left are faded letters and the crumpled pages of a diary. The spirit and the things of the spirit go on and pass from one generation to another. Human nature, too, seems immutable. Take up any of the numerous memoirs and letter-bags for the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries that have been so copiously published in the last twenty years. Read, for example, the Letters of Lady Sarah Lennox. Lady Sarah was in girlhood a delicious romp, who caused

her feminine elders to raise their eyebrows and flutter protesting fans. Yet forty years later she is noting with grave disapproval the manners of the young women and the habits of the young men in her world, and whispering to her friend with matronly gravity that "we never did such things, never could have been guilty of such shameless minxery"! And now turn to Lady Elizabeth. She too must have been a delicious romp (could not Mrs. Stirling have told us a little more about the girlhood of Lady Elizabeth?), and the daughter of Coke of Norfolk probably enjoyed, because she was a Coke and a girl, causing the eyebrows of protesting dowagers to rise; but when it is a question of the waltz, the scandalous and indecent waltz, it is clear that there has been a deplorable decay of manners and morals, and surely the limit has been reached when her Majesty in 1851 orders a fancy-dress ball at Windsor—a fancy-dress ball!—and at Windsor! What would Lady Elizabeth say of 1913? and what will the demure romps of 1913 write down for their granddaughters in 1953? Well, we could write it down for them now. Of the public events of her period we are permitted to have a fair number of vivid glimpses which every reader will pick out for himself and linger over as he turns the pages. There is nothing particularly new or arresting in these glimpses and comments; but they are always fresh, and strung together they give us a point of view and an atmosphere. Lady Elizabeth was not at the centre of things, but she recorded what she heard as well as what she saw, and the entries for instance about even the sordid and nauseous Queen Caroline business have the requisite personal touch. It is out of countless such jottings and impressions by numerous hands in every class of life that the social history of an epoch can be laboriously pieced together. For it is more important to know what men and women believed, felt and said than whether they judged accurately.

The figure probably that will strike the most sympathetic chord is that of Collingwood, Nelson's Collingwood, and Mrs. Stirling has made out of her material a pathetic almost a tragic portrait—a gifted, lonely, memory-haunted man, a sombre martyr to duty, a type of the heroic sailor of an heroic age, weary of war and of the sea but ready to endure and serve in grim silence, and one whom the England that he helped to save has never requited as he deserved. Well, it may be so. It would be ungrateful and ungracious to suggest that the picture is overdrawn, and that the letters quoted here do not give us the real man and the whole truth. But Collingwood's connexion with Lady Elizabeth and her family is not the least of the episodes that give interest to the Cannon Hall Papers. We could wish that there had been more of such episodes and that our thanks to Mrs. Stirling for her trouble could have been unqualified.

SOME HAPPY VERSE.

"Tales of the Mermaid Tavern." By Alfred Noyes. London: Blackwood. 1913. 6s. net.

"Songs from Leinster." By W. M. Letts. London: Smith, Elder. 1913. 2s. 6d. net.

"Ioläus." By J. A. Mackereth. London: Longmans. 1913. 2s. 6d.

SWAYING to the interminable rollick of Mr. Noyes we fancy ourselves back in a bar-parlour of Combemartin. A country ballad is in progress. It had started upon its way before we came, and it was still unfinished when we left. The stanzas must have run quite easily into three figures; and at the end of each the last line was repeated in a chorus. There seemed no reason why it should ever have begun; or why it should ever end. It gave one the uncomfortable impression that this ballad-singer was intoning in the parlour when the world was new, and that the delivery of his song would easily outlast the Pyramids. Reading

Mr. Noyes our reminiscence of Combemartin is sometimes irresistible:

"His belly saith, 'A man must eat',
And since there is none other meat,
Come, lap this mess before 'ee."

Chorus: This glorious mess before 'ee."

Mr. Noyes is the happy versifier. The pleasure one takes in his racing epics, ballads, and tales is a sympathetic sense of the ease with which they were written. This pleasure is quite untroubled with any regret on account of better work which Mr. Noyes might accomplish with greater pains. We feel that Mr. Noyes could not do better work, however painful the effort. He just has the gift of running buoyantly on; a gift in which, as a happy versifier, he takes a pleasure wholly as innocent as that of a happy cricketer on his day. There is nothing immoral in this pleasurable sense of easy accomplishment; so long as we do not rank Mr. Noyes with Homer because he writes voluminously of ships and heroes, or with Vergil because he has successfully finished an epic poem. Mr. Noyes' muse is a headstrong boy, flown with high spirits, with a sincere delight in buccaneers, in tales of the tavern and the sea, in scenes painted slap-dash with broom and bucket, in heroes of all sorts. His favourite heroes are men of deeds; but poets are admitted, provided they drink ale and hate a puritan. Kit Marlowe he loves with all his boy's heart; and he makes fun of Francis Bacon, as boys make fun of their schoolmaster. His rush of spirits, his prodigious splashings in a bright vocabulary, his sincere enthusiasm for great names and traditions—these sustain him in scenes at the Mermaid Tavern where none would venture but a schoolboy whose zeal to grasp his heroes by the hand has overcome all reverence. Most of us would feel a little shy with Shakespeare; would hesitate to pour sack into his belly or to put words into his mouth. But Mr. Noyes rushes upon Shakespeare with the grasp of fellowship; thumps him vigorously between the shoulders, ordering drinks and jollity for all.

To present Mr. Noyes in quotation is to offer an idea of the rush and volume of Niagara by submitting a specimen of its water in a tea-cup:

"All in the gorgeous dawn of day
From gay old Plymouth Sound
Our galleon crashed through crimson spray
To sail the world around;
'Cloud i' the Sun' was her white-scrolled
name—
There was never a lovelier lass
For sailing in state after pieces of eight
With her bombards all of brass.

Chorus: Culverins, robinets, iron may-be;
But her bombards all of brass!"

When Mr. Noyes gets under way with this sort of thing, only one problem suggests itself—Has he enough ink?

Mr. Letts' "Songs from Leinster" and Mr. Mackereth's "Ioläus" may be noticed as a fitting postscript to what we have already said of the quality of Mr. Noyes. Mr. Letts in thin, sweet fashion runs easily along the permanent way of his inspiration. Like Mr. Noyes, he delights to exercise his vocabulary, flinging off a "lyric" when in the mood, to leave us with a similar sense of ease and of limited accomplishment. But, whereas Mr. Noyes takes exercise like the brawny fourth oar of an Oxford torpid running round the Parks before breakfast, Mr. Letts is content with an evening stroll. As with Mr. Noyes one only has to quote a single specimen of his verse, and to imagine it proceeding as long as he pleases:

"Spring, the Travelling Man, has been here,
Here in the Glen.
He must have passed by in the grey of the dawn,
When only the robin and wren
Were awake,
Watching out with their bright little eyes
In the midst of the break.

The rabbits, maybe, heard him pass,
Stepping light in the grass,
Whistling careless and gay at the break o' the day."

Mr. Mackereth writes with a more deliberate effort after distinction. He is more self-conscious. We picture Mr. Noyes, and, less vividly, Mr. Letts, removing a dam from the pent torrent. For Mr. Mackereth no such figure would serve. He knows his way to the Pierian spring, and, without too much hard labour, he pumps up water. Nevertheless Mr. Mackereth is of the same poetic kindred with Mr. Noyes and Mr. Letts. "Ioläus" is an adventure in words. It is a poem of even merit. It flows quite easily. But the flow is one of rhymes and rhythms, of visions tremendous in words but unrealised in thought or feeling. "Ioläus" passing on from "doom to doom", so far as he rouses in us pity or terror or any sense of immediate contact with the deep, might be walking from Oxford Circus to Piccadilly.

"The depths were full of throes unknown,
Weird wastes of vomited fire;
Wild mists of thunderous flame were blown
Athwart eclipse; I heard a groan
Of travelling worlds stupendous thrown
Through chaos to expire."

Had Shelley or Dante "heard a groan of travelling worlds", or seen them "stupendous thrown through chaos to expire", we must inevitably have shuddered. We have read Mr. Mackereth's account, and we are quite untroubled. Genius is a difficult thing to describe, and attempting to describe it one necessarily becomes a little indefinite. But it is quite remarkable how very definitely it can be missed.

THE DEFENCE OF BRITISH COMMERCE.

"Capture at Sea." By Earl Loreburn. London: Methuen. 1913. 2s. 6d. net.

IN a desperate effort to secure commercial backing for a reform of maritime law, Lord Loreburn has done his best to make the capitalist's flesh creep. Addressing the mercantile community, he tells it war must spell disaster to trading interests and national security unless the laws relating to enemy capture, blockade, and contraband are altered and mine-laying is strictly regulated. British Governments, he says, have hitherto paid too much attention to naval opinion, and commercial men must assert themselves and relegate the naval expert to his proper sphere—namely, strategy; questions of policy must be withdrawn from the reach of the naval officer. This is easier said than done; no hard-and-fast line can be drawn between policy and naval strategy. "Naval strategy has for its end to found, support, and increase, as well in peace as in war, the sea-power of a country", and it has to take into consideration many matters that fall outside the narrower limits of military strategy; but if, for the sake of argument, naval strategy, as above defined, be left altogether out of account, what reason is there for placing the laws which concern military practices directed against shipping outside the realm of military strategy? We know of only one—the opposition of sailors and soldiers to the alterations Lord Loreburn wishes to bring about. His zeal leads him to forget that the war plans of generals, as well as those of admirals, are upset by any modification of maritime law. Enemy capture, blockade, stoppage of contraband are means to an end, and taken together form a most important factor in the shore operations by which decisive results are obtained. Tamper with one of these and you destroy the efficacy of the remainder. To take a simple case. If the right to seize enemy ships is destroyed, given certain contingencies, what is there left to prevent the enemy from collecting his transports quietly for the purpose of carrying out surprise raids?

Military strategy may be amphibious in character, and the military strategy of our fleets cannot be

dissociated from the military strategy of the land forces, whether our own or those of any other country that may happen to be our ally. In certain circumstances, not difficult to conceive, a British alliance would be worthless if belligerent rights now secure under the existing system, or lack of system, were altered or abrogated. Though anxious to keep the military element in its proper place, Lord Loreburn wanders freely in the field of military strategy and takes some credit to himself for endeavouring to show that maritime law "as it is understood and will be applied by Continental Powers places commerce and shipping in a very serious position". The attempt to demonstrate how the law will be applied, of course, carries him at once into the realm of strategy, and the result is curious. He deprecates the use of watertight compartments when the laws of the sea have got to be discussed, but makes free use of them whenever he wishes to score a point; the arguments advanced to prove one case are conveniently ignored if they tell against him while trying to prove another, and as possible military operations on land are not put in the balance when weighing the worth of belligerent rights, no reliance should be placed on his estimates of value. Sea power and command of the sea have no meaning for Lord Loreburn, and naval history fails to impress him. His case for changing the laws of the sea is based on the assumption that naval conditions have so changed since the time of Napoleon and Chatham that the lessons of history no longer hold good. We have heard this said before, but still prefer the opinion of Admiral Mahan, who pointed out many years ago that though changes in weapons must necessarily involve some changes in tactics, in the field of naval strategy the teachings of the past have a value which, owing to the comparative permanence of strategical conditions, does not diminish. If Lord Loreburn were to have his way, prompted by imaginary fears engendered by ignorance of what is likely to happen under changed tactical conditions, he would alter the laws of the sea and deprive sailors and soldiers of the more permanent strategical conditions on which they naturally rely to forecast the future. Let commercial men take heart. Individuals will sometimes get hit by a stroke of bad luck in wartime—good fortune is not the universal lot even in the piping days of peace; but we would remind them that "it is not the taking of individual ships or convoys, be they few or many, that strikes down the money-power of a nation; it is the possession of that overbearing power on the sea which drives the enemy from it, or allows it only to appear as a fugitive". This, broadly speaking, is the teaching of history. The belligerent who can drive his enemy from the sea keeps the highways open for his own commerce, and the nation that can drive its enemy from the sea when a belligerent can secure respect for its rights when a neutral. British ships cover every sea; they must continue to do so, war or no war. The greater the number afloat during a war the greater the national security. Our ventures are not in one bottom trusted nor to one place. Lord Loreburn would nevertheless like to make Antonio sad because he wants him to seek salvation in an International Prize Court instead of in an all-powerful Navy. When the British nation is ready to give his Holiness the Pope control over its temporal affairs, doubtless it will be prepared to discuss the question.

THE WHIG TANGLE.

"Lord Chatham and the Whig Opposition." By D. A. Winstanley. Cambridge: At the University Press. 1912. 7s. 6d. net.

MR. WINSTANLEY'S sequel to his monograph "Personal and Party Government" has been left too long unnoticed in this Review, for which an expression of regret is due to the author. Mr. Winstanley's knowledge of the eighteenth century has taught him not that the details of the parliamentary struggle, which to some seems so futile, should be remorselessly synopsed and relegated to comparative

unimportance, but that they must be probed and tested and the story told at full length. And the result is a solid volume devoted to nothing more than unravelling ten years of these very "intrigues" in minute fashion. Yet Mr. Winstanley has good reason for so doing. He is not a deliberate chronicler of the smallest of small-beer for that small-beer's sake—the maker of a monograph which only a dozen students will read and the true historian will summarise in a page and honour with a footnote of three lines of small print. Mr. Winstanley is concerned with big affairs. It is the big and momentous issues he is studying, and he also knows that the big issues lie concealed behind all these wearisome and petty details.

For what are the big issues? The root of the matter for the true historian lies in problems such as these. Why did Chatham fail to maintain himself against his political opponents and the King in 1761? Why were there no stable administrations from 1761 to 1770? Why was the Rockingham administration a failure in 1765? Why was the Chatham administration a fiasco in 1768? What is the meaning and causes of the rout of the Whigs from 1761 to 1770? What is the true significance of the Wilkes' struggles from 1763 to 1772? Nothing is easier than to answer that these political struggles were unimportant, that in India, America, or the Mediterranean lay the vital issues. But that answer ignores another plain question. Can it be maintained for a moment that from 1761 to 1772 our foreign and imperial policy was satisfactory? Is it not as clear as noonday that the peace of 1763, the mishandling of the American question, the neglect of India, our policy towards the Bourbon entente, the Corsican question, the Partition of Poland and the alienation of Prussia point to incompetence, divided councils, ministerial instability and weakness at home? Even if we leave out (which we cannot) the blunders, illegalities and usurpation of authority, the serious rift between the executive and the Legislature and the unnecessary attack on the liberty of the Press which made Wilkes a constitutional champion, a strong and stable administration from 1762 to 1772 could have given the country a sane and statesman-like foreign policy and anticipated by adequate reform the series of crises that led to the humiliation of Great Britain and the disintegration of the Empire in 1783. England in 1761 was victorious and strong; in 1778 she had not an ally nor a friend in Europe, and for nearly twenty years her administrations had been marked by all the vices and none of the virtues of a typical South American Republic. Why was this so? Mr. Winstanley sets himself to answer the question and devotes his efforts to the really critical period from 1765 to 1770. For it is in these five short years that the Ministry of Lord North was made possible, and with 1770 begins the melancholy story of ministerial paralysis and imperial collapse. Put shortly, the answer is this. The struggle at Westminster turned on the success or failure of the King to establish a system of personal government, based on the destruction of the party system, the uprooting of the true Cabinet and collective responsibility and the substitution of the departmental system, the "King's Friends" and the King as Prime Minister. Had the Whigs, chastened and taught by adversity, been able to insist on the King's adherence to the sound and established principles of party government—as they were restating them in 1765 and were subsequently laid down in 1782 and again by the younger Pitt—the disastrous Ministry of Lord North would never have come into existence. George III. was determined from 1761 onwards to destroy every administration which based itself on the party system and a Cabinet of Ministers dealing with the Sovereign as a unit made by collective responsibility. He wrecked in turn Grenville, Rockingham, Chatham and Grafton. The Crown was victorious in 1770, and the Empire paid the bill in 1783.

It is not necessary here to follow Mr. Winstanley's careful analysis of how all this came about. It is only necessary to indicate that the full meaning cannot be grasped unless the story of ministerial construction and reconstruction be told in copious and verified detail.

And this Mr. Winstanley does most satisfactorily. His book is no mere réchauffé of other men's work. He has examined afresh the original authorities with diligence and insight; more particularly he utilises as it had not been utilised before the Newcastle correspondence in the British Museum and other manuscript sources. And he has built up a narrative of great interest and historical value. Even those who believe that they already know pretty well the men, the issues and the circumstances will find no few additions to their knowledge and much light on dark places, while the resetting of the facts and the gentle emphasis on the results as they gradually reveal themselves are helpful and welcome. Incidentally, Mr. Winstanley is able to do justice to two very different men—the old Duke of Newcastle and the young Rockingham. But the centre of the narrative is Chatham. The keys of the situation, after 1765, were in his hands. He could make common cause with the Whigs, or he could go over unreservedly to the Crown. He did neither—or rather he did worse. He first gave lukewarm support to the Rockinghams, and he then formed a ministry of his own which was neither Whig nor Tory nor Royal, but a blend of all three. He would neither strife for party nor for the King's system. And then came the fatal gout and Grafton, Charles Townshend and the King with different objects and from different principles undesignedly combined to wreck what remained. They are instructive and tragic years, these five from 1765 to 1770. The moral is quietly and unobtrusively drawn by Mr. Winstanley. We should say he is unduly favourable to the Whigs. But against that it is fair to say first that Mr. Winstanley is impartial in his criticism. He does justice to the strong points in the King's policy; he does not slur over the defects in the Whig leaders. Secondly, great weight must be attached to the considered verdicts of a student who has examined and tested the evidence. Critics who contest conclusions must have done as much work on the sources as the writer whose conclusions they contest. As every scholar knows, over and above specific statements or verified facts there is the general impression derived from minute and continuous acquaintance with the evidence as a whole. And lastly, Mr. Winstanley is more than entitled to his point of view. He makes no attempt to conceal it, but he leaves the distinct impression that he came to it after and not before a study of the sources. Those who cavil at the broad conclusions which emerge in his book will not find it easy, if they are brought to proof, to show that the substance of his argument is unsound or unjustified. Mr. Winstanley must go on. Will he not give us a history of Lord North's administration as solid, as well documented and as scholarly in tone and critical method as this book? The American business has been exploited and rewritten until we are all quite tired of it. But apart from America the story of Lord North's administration demands retelling. The material for the history of the King's Friends has been growing steadily, and there is a rich harvest to be garnered. Mr. Winstanley has admirably equipped himself for a magnum opus and we invite him to write it.

A SUMMER NOVEL.

"April Panhasard." By Muriel Hine. London: Lane. 1913. 6s.

DURING the warmer months of the year there is a suspicion of midsummer madness about most of the novels which come fresh from the publishers to the public. It is as though the light literature of other seasons were no longer light enough; ordinary folly gives place to foolery, and the attempt ceases, perhaps happily, to disguise the artificial character of nineteenth-century items in the library catalogue. People, it is thought, will be going away for a holiday, and any wits they may possess will be left behind in a locked desk. From these notions obviously springs the further one that they must be provided with books which can be read and forgotten in the shortest possible space of

time, and which can involve no efforts of mind because they plainly have no meaning. The novel which is to be popular on a summer holiday must certainly contain nothing uncomfortable or disturbing to the self-satisfaction of those who are going to idle through its pages. We can think of several writers whose work the public reads willingly at home, who would ill consort with the new humours born of relaxation in a strange place. The pilgrims of pleasure, when they have left an office in the City and a home in the suburbs to lord it with the best at a seaside resort, naturally do not wish to be reminded of life as it is for fifty weeks in the year. Novelists may worry them with problems and fill them with strange thoughts at those other times when worrying and thinking form a necessarily large part of the day's routine, but the taking of a change of air implies something more than the inhaling of a sea-breeze. To these folk who are out on a kind of ticket-of-leave such a story as "April Panhasard" makes its appeal, and for their sake we can excuse it. From no point of view whatever can it be taken to have any importance in itself, yet from a study of its readers some interesting ideas might be collected. They would, we fancy, be very human people, burdened with no sort of literary taste but having a power of appreciation for wealth and beautiful women and for all those good things of life which wealth and beauty do suggest to simple minds. We are glad that Miss Hine has refrained from treating her readers to the glitter of fictitious coronets, but she has given them all the other things which they are likely to need. The first scene is in Bond Street, and we are given no option save to picture it as the road of the jewellers. In one of their shops we meet April Panhasard. She is the complete heroine for a tale of this kind, for she is very lovely, she is rich, and she is divorced; yet the taint of impropriety does not touch her, though at her approach it may be discerned as a far-off thing, which, we think, is just what is desired by the majority of those for whom the book is intended. The erring and horribly drunken husband makes his short appearance a good while later, but only to be destroyed by a providential landslide, and April is then left absolutely free to select a second mate, for of course she has been provided with two eligible admirers, one English and one American. Patriotic feeling will incline many to hope for the success of the former, yet there are points against him, for he is young and a trifle frivolous, and heroines of fiction have, by the way, an objection to youth that is not quite accounted for by common experience. Moreover, the frivolity of this lover on one occasion at least has involved an episode which is slightly shocking to our respect for him, though it is so hastily sketched that it can cause no offence to the reader. The American, against whom is no black mark, is then left to marry the fair April, which, we suppose, is the satisfactory conclusion to the novel. Miss Hine gives us no cause for great complaint, and her tale will please many. It is easy to read, and it will be easier to forget, for it contains no word or thought that has not been in the fiction of summer in more summers than we wish to count.

THE AUGUST REVIEWS.

The "Nineteenth Century" gives first place to an article by Sir William Lee Warner on the Indian Civil Service, which will make clear to those who have not studied the subject some of the difficulties in the way both of the authorities and of candidates. He insists on the importance of a university training, and would solve the problem of securing the best representatives of the leading communities of British India by utilising the Government colleges, like the Poona Dekkan. Mr. Geoffrey Cookson follows with an article, which may have some bearing on Sir William Lee Warner's, entitled "Why is there Disloyalty in India?" He thinks, after reviewing all the forces at work, that it is astonishing not that there is unrest, but that we have enjoyed so long a period of tranquillity. He would meet the dangerous and uncompromising idealism of the native with a nobler ideal. English education has failed because the material to be worked upon was un-English. "It is time to readjust the

balance between West and East", and it is in the schools and universities that Mr. Cookson thinks the desire to draw nearer creed to creed and race to race can fructify. The article is a little literary in character, but it may serve to point a practical end. Two other articles of Imperial interest in the "Nineteenth" are Mr. Sidney Low's ably judicial presentment of the problem of an Imperial Executive and Mr. Fabian Ware's discussion, with Lord Milner's book as a peg, of Imperial and national interdependence. In Lord Milner's speeches Mr. Ware discovers "the basis of a policy which might heal present discontent, and lay broad and sure the foundation on which the nation within the Empire might attain to greater liberty, and play the part for which it was destined in the progress of humanity".

The "National" returns with new zest to the Marconi charge. Its notes are mainly concerned with the issues personal and political opened up by the inquiry: Mr. L. S. Amery's Finsbury Town Hall speech on Saint Sebastian of Limehouse is reprinted in extenso, and Mr. Maxse himself writes a vigorous article on "The Little Brothers of the Rich", in which the Labour party is shown to have missed a great chance of asserting "its superiority to the party hacks who say ditto to Mr. Lloyd George and the other 'little brothers of the rich', as present Ministers have been wittily christened. The Labour party was represented on the Marconi Select Committee in the person of Mr. Parker M.P. (member for Halifax), the vice-chairman of the Labour party. When the various reports came to be discussed, the Labour representative was potential master of the situation. He preferred to give up to party what was meant for mankind, but the party for which he made the sacrifice was not his own party, Labour, but the Radical party. What do Labour circles outside Parliament think of their vice-chairman's performance in associating himself with the unspeakable report of Messrs. Falconer and Co., thus giving the countenance of Labour to what Labour was supposed to regard as the worst form of capitalism—viz. gambling on the Stock Exchange?" Mr. Maxse contends that Mr. Asquith ought to have held a private inquiry outside as well as inside the Cabinet, and should have given the results of his investigations on oath. He couples the failure to do so with the shutting up of the Committee, and is convinced of what he has long suspected—"namely, that other Ministers besides the confessed culprits have something to conceal in Marconi matters". Not for nothing, says Mr. Maxse, are Ministers known as "the little brothers of the rich". Happily, their doom is sealed".

Earl Grey in an article in the "Fortnightly" describes the object of Dominion House which he proposes to found, and sees "a great Imperial opportunity" in the erection in the heart of London of a building devoted to Colonial service—"an architectural sign and symbol of London's Imperial grandeur and significance". Varne Light criticises our "too domestic" naval arrangements; he contends that concentration in home waters is a moral and strategical mistake; foreign squadrons should be strengthened and the home squadrons sent on periodical cruises in distant seas. Mr. Arthur Baumann regards the position of the Unionist party as "the avenging of Sir Robert Peel". He sharply criticises Mr. Balfour's attitude towards Tariff Reform, and draws a doleful picture of the losses in personnel and in opportunity, for which he holds "the combined statesmanship" of Mr. Balfour and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain responsible. But he makes generous recognition of the qualities by which they won their authority. "Mr. Balfour once saved Ireland from anarchy by his courage; he has sweetened public life by his courtesy; and he has maintained its dignity by his freedom in a mercenary age from all taint of interested motives. Mr. Chamberlain possessed most of the gifts by which in a free country men become famous: courage, sympathy, eloquence, and the power of bending and tutoring to his will masses of his fellow citizens. But history, when she pays her tribute to the virtues of these two great men, will be forced to record that they disunited, and for a time dissolved, the party which had shared with its rival the noble and perilous duties of government for over two hundred years." Mr. Baumann at least shares with Mr. Stephen Gwynn, writing in the "Nineteenth Century", the view that Mr. Balfour resigned because he had lost touch with his party. Mr. Gwynn gives a most interesting study of Mr. Balfour and his authority over the House of Commons. He seems to expect Mr. Balfour to become more and more detached from the party platform, and so to carry still more weight with the assembly. "At all events, Mr. Balfour is more likely now than ever before in his life to abate the full confidence of Radicals in drastic surgery and to preserve the living organism of the State from some avoidable and perilous amputations."

The new developments in the Balkans claim less attention

in the August reviews than might have been expected. Dr. Dillon in his foreign affairs notes in the "Contemporary" shows with his usual wealth of sidelights how the reversal of Bulgarian fortunes came about. "Bulgaria's disaster has a touch of ancient Greek tragedy about it. By one of Fate's cruel ironies the two dramatis personæ who have pushed her into the chasm were a friendly nation and a devoted son, Roumania and Dr. Daneff." Mr. G. M. Trevelyan has been spending a holiday among the Servians, and ends an account of what he saw and heard of Balkan matters with a disclaimer to any pretence to have graduated in the science of Balkan psychology. "I come home only with the sense of the complexities of the Balkan problem, the difficulty of getting at the full truth and the multitude of conflicting racial standpoints, each reasonable in itself were it not for all the others!" The "Nineteenth Century" has two articles on the Slav Peril: one by Dr. Rappoport on "Pangermanism versus Panslavism", the other by Mr. J. W. Ozanne on "The Balkan Fiasco". Dr. Rappoport is apprehensive of Panslavist supremacy as the result of the crushing of Turkey and says, "If European diplomacy considers it its duty to put a check on the spread of Pangermanism it should not overlook the much more imminent peril of Panslavism". Mr. Ozanne holds Russia's "intriguing policy mainly responsible for the hideous situation in the Balkan Peninsula". He says, "We have heard a good deal about the so-called yellow peril, but there is a Slav peril much nearer home to which the Central Powers have been a precious barrier". In Dr. Rappoport's opinion "an era of prosperity has obviously not yet dawned for Turkey". In the "National" Mr. Lovat Fraser shows what her opportunities will be in Asia Minor. Asiatic Turkey wisely administered may become one of the richest countries in the world, but Mr. Fraser finds few gleams of brightness. "One may contemplate the outlook without much hope", he says, "but certainly not with despair". The Turks will follow their own bent in Asia, and neither German dreams of colonisation nor schemes for placing large areas of their Asiatic provinces under foreign tutelage will now, in Mr. Fraser's view, be listened to in Constantinople. If Germany's aims in Asia Minor are thwarted, the horoscopes will seek to discover the direction her overseas ambitions may take. There is South America, and in an article on Brazil in "Blackwood's" Mr. Cyril Campbell refers to the possibility of German absorption, which "has been seriously and soberly put forward". Apparently he thinks there is little likelihood of Germany in the midst of great European complications inviting new trouble by aggression in Brazil. As for a confederacy of the South American Republics, that is "too farcical for words". What the future of Brazil or of any one of her neighbours is to be Mr. Campbell makes no attempt to prophesy, but he affords a picturesque idea of Brazil's opportunities and resources, and looking to her record he has little fear that she will not work out her own salvation.

Earl Roberts in the "British Review" enters "a plea for universal service", and Colonel Walter Horsley in the "Contemporary" argues that all forms of compulsion "are open to fatal objections as expedients of British policy". Two articles are devoted to the land question: in the "Nineteenth Century" Sir Gilbert Parker replies vigorously to Mr. Lloyd George's arguments against small ownership, and in the "Fortnightly" Mr. J. M. Kennedy, who would like to see Sir Horace Plunkett in charge of the Agricultural Department in place of Mr. Runciman, favours some form of protection to benefit agriculture, which he would support even at the expense of urban industry.

For purely literary tastes there are quite a number of attractive papers. In the "Cornhill" we have Sir Frederic Kenyon on the "sorry sight" of the public sale of the Browning MSS.; in the "Fortnightly" Miss Margaret L. Woods on "Poetry and Women Poets as Artists"; in the "National" Mr. Austin Dobson on "A Literary Printer"—John Nichols; in the "Contemporary" Sir Sidney Lee on "Shakespeare and Public Affairs"; in the "Nineteenth Century" Viscount Harberton with an essay "Does It Rhyme?"; in the "English Review"—which also contains one of Mr. Cunninghame Graham's delightful sketches—Mr. Harrison writes on Francis Thompson's Poetry, and there is verse by Victoria Sackville West and others; and in the "British Review"—which gives us verse by Katharine Tynan, Herbert de Hamel, and Francis McCullagh—Professor Geddes writes on the "Homes of Burns" and the relations of peasant and poet.

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The Annual General Meeting of Watney, Combe, Reid and Co., Ltd., was held on Wednesday, Mr. H. Cosmo O. Bonsor (Chairman of the company) presiding.

The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, said that the features of the year under review were that they had sold 32,000 barrels more beer than in 1911-12, and that their trading profit showed an increase of £36,000. The balance of interest on investments and rents was £3600 more, and they paid £7500 less interest on debentures in consequence of their redemption, making a total of £47,000 more as compared with the previous year. That allowed the directors to recommend a dividend on the preferred ordinary stock. It was a small dividend, but he hoped it would be welcome. The first six months of the year under review had shown very little improvement on that of the year preceding, owing to the high price of malt and hops of the harvest of 1911. Since January 1913 they had, however, been using the harvest of 1912. Barley kept at a higher level than for the last ten years, but hops had shown a good decrease. The stocks that they carried forward at 30 June last were practically at the same price, and were larger than they had had for some years. They were held at the same price as those they had been using for the last six months, and consequently they could look forward to the same improvement being maintained for the current six months. As to what the ultimate results of the year might be, that would depend on the result of the harvest which was just commencing. He was glad to inform them that throughout the year their beers had been excellent; they had been uniform in quality and were extremely popular. He might say that they were growing in popularity, and he thought the shareholders would like to join the directors in their appreciation of the results of the work of the brewing-room staffs at Pimlico and Mortlake. He had been asked to give the figures as to taxation in 1912-13. They had paid for beer duty £377,000 and for licence duties £82,000, or a total of £459,000. That was direct to the Exchequer, and over and above that there was some £30,000 old paid for income tax and for compensation levy. As to that last, he would like to say a word or two. The compensation fund was instituted in 1904 with the object of getting rid of what were called redundant public-houses without injuring the owners. So far their experience showed it had been successful, but during the last few months magistrates had been taking away the licences of houses which could justify their existence. One of the results of the working of the fund was that beer that had been retailed in jugs was being retailed in bottles, a form less profitable both to the brewer and to the retailer, but there was another effect which would very shortly show itself in a more extreme fashion. If they did away with a licensed house that was justified by its trade it was an absolute certainty that a club would spring up, and there had been a large increase in the number of clubs during the last ten years. Under the present administration of the law clubs would tend to increase. In any case it was satisfactory not only from the brewers' point of view, but also from a national point of view, that the consumption of beer had not been decreased by legislation. There was no doubt that good sound beer was infinitely more wholesome than the alcoholic concoctions that were sold to try and imitate it. Dealing with the financial position of the company, the Chairman pointed out that during the year they had received for houses under the Compensation Act £10,000. They had invested in licensed property £42,000; consequently the licensed assets showed a balance to the good of £32,000. To their automatic reserve, which represented depreciation on various properties, there had been charged £107,000, and during the year they had spent on the repair of public-houses £46,000. They had further spent on the redemption of debentures £116,000, and, in addition to doing all that, their cash balances remained practically on the same level as in June 1912—namely, about £600,000. That sum, he should add, would be depleted to the extent of £53,000 if they accepted the recommendation of the board and declared a dividend of 1 per cent. on the preferred ordinary stock. Proceeding, the Chairman said that they were in a more or less exceptional position. In 1905 they applied to the courts for permission to reduce their capital by something like £5,000,000 to cover the reduction in the value of their assets brought about by legislation and administration. In 1909-10 there had come the further crushing blow to London brewing companies, which meant that since that date they had had three claimants on their earnings. They had been working for the Exchequer; for their debenture holders; and for the first preference stock holders, who together had received close upon £5,000,000 sterling, while the ordinary stock holders had not received a shilling. They had been seeking for some means to relieve the position, and had come to the conclusion that they should get rid of their prior charges. As a result of counsel's advice they had applied to Parliament for the exceptional powers necessary, and the Bill was merely waiting the Royal assent. A great many people misunderstood the object of that Bill. Its result would be slow, and the profit and loss account would show but a very gradual improvement, but the scheme was absolutely sound, and would be of great benefit to future ordinary stock holders if not to the present stock holders. They had set up machinery under which the trading profits of the concern, after payment of interest to the debenture stock holders and the preference shareholders, would go to the ordinary stock holders, while profits arising outside the trade of the business—that was, from the redemption of debentures and the realisation of under-estimated assets, or from the realisation of over-estimated liabilities—would form a fund to be used by the directors at their discretion. In the past they had utilised such profits as had arisen in that way in the writing off of such securities as were not affected by their automatic reserve, but they had come to the end of that writing off. The last such item they had had to deal with comprised their gilt-edged investments, to which they had appropriated out of the £63,000 they had made on the redemption of debentures £28,000. The balance of £35,000 he was going to ask them to allow the directors to carry to a fund to be used at the discretion of the board for the purpose he had mentioned. Their intention was to continue the redemption of their debentures if they could get them at a reasonable price and if the supply kept up; but if the supply of debentures did not keep up there would be an alternative form of investment which would be profitable to the ordinary shareholders. He would like to say, however, that the exercise of those powers would be used with the greatest discretion; they could not dip too deeply into the cash balances, which, during their period of adversity, had not only given them credit, but had enabled them to buy their material in the cheapest market. Even though they were growing more prosperous they would have to keep sufficient cash in hand to cover all the purposes they could possibly foresee in their business.

The resolution, which was seconded by Mr. O. J. Phillips, was carried unanimously.

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